The Saturday Review of Literature

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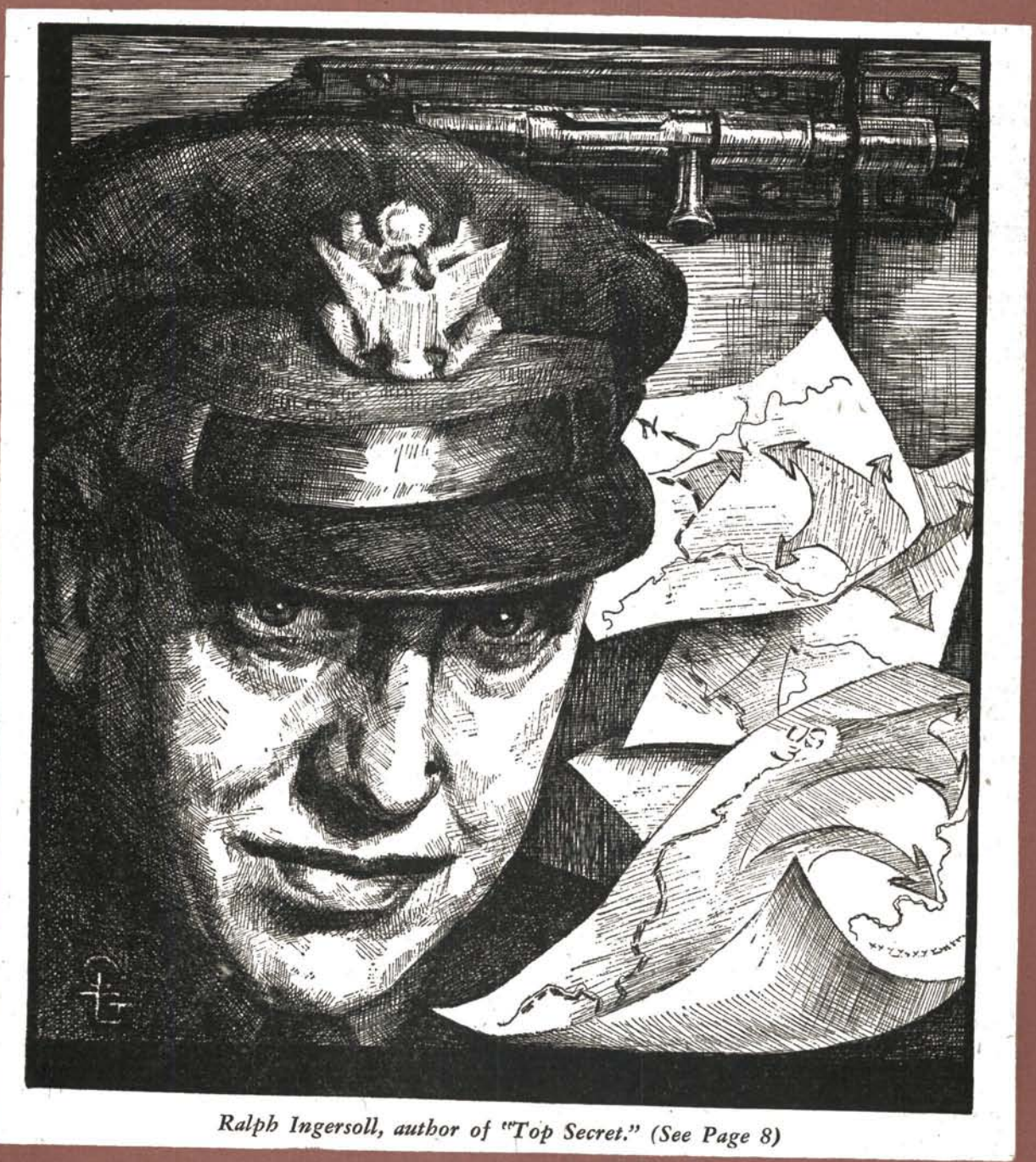

Ralph Ingersoll, author of "Top Secret." *(See Page 8)*

Towards a Moralized Society

By RALPH BARTON PERRY

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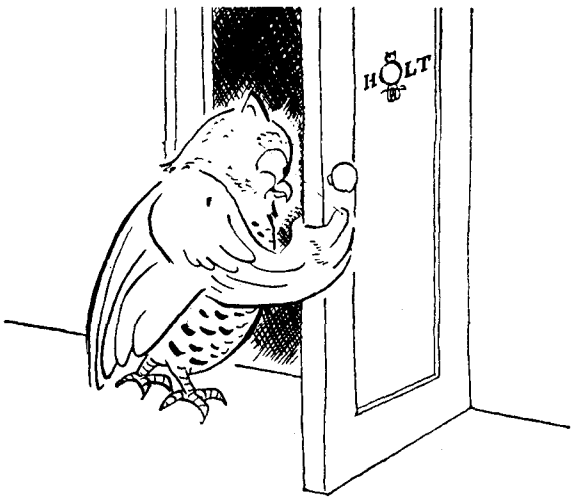

Something new has been added

THE ODD THING about the publishing business is that it is not business at all. Naturally, printers and suppliers have to be paid regularly, (and so does the *Saturday Review*, for that matter). Our staff members have to eat, and no author has yet been discovered who is averse to accepting a generous royalty check. But money is not the most important part of publishing. In the theater, if there is a good play, a star, and a good supporting cast, the money comes naturally. So it is in publishing—you need authors and you need alert, understanding editors. If you have these and know how to launch a book, or to extricate it from the shoals when the going is rough, you have the makings of a good publishing house.

Last week, we saluted a new publishing house, made up of friends of ours, co-workers and valued associates. This week, we salute their successors at Holt. We think they are stimulating people; they will not only continue the distinguished "trade" publishing which has characterized Henry Holt and Company in recent years, but we firmly believe they will carry it forward to new achievements. We plan to maintain the kind of organization which Henry Holt, the founder, envisaged. JOSEPH A. BRANDT, president of the company—who in the course of one year published, or caused to be written, such widely-discussed and varied books as Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*, Marshall Field's *Freedom Is More than a Word*, and Saul Alinsky's *Reveille for Radicals*—becomes editor-in-chief of all departments.

DENVER LINDLEY, one of the book trade's most respected gentlemen, becomes editor of the Trade Department. Regarded by many observers of publishing as one of the leading fiction editors, Mr. Lindley also has a notable record of success in non-fiction. For instance, you may recall the front-page reviews of the great war publishing feat, INVASION! by Charles C. Wertenbaker. Eight days after the dramatic record of our landing in Normandy had reached this country, the completed book was ready for distribution. Denver Lindley is a native of New York City, was educated at Hotchkiss School and at Princeton, where he was editor of the Nassau Literary Magazine. In 1927, he joined the staff of *Collier's Weekly*, where he held a variety of positions, having been article editor, assistant managing editor, and fiction editor. Until this week, he was editor-in-chief of one of America's oldest and most respected publishing houses.

ALLEN TATE, the distinguished American poet and critic, for the last two years editor of *The Sewanee Review*, will specialize in poetry, belles-lettres, and music. One of the first leaders in the literary revival of the South, Mr. Tate was the first visiting professor chosen by Princeton University to inaugurate its creative writing program.

W. H. HINDLE, now an American citizen, becomes foreign editor, an entirely new post and the first one to be created in a major American publishing house. While Holt will continue as a predominantly American house, its list will attempt to reflect America's importance in world affairs. Mr. Hindle was editor and publisher of *The English Review of Reviews* and later editor of *The English Review*. After several years of duty with the British Foreign Office, he became editor of *Britain* in the United States. For the last year he was with *Time* magazine.

Not only is Holt adding a foreign editor to its staff, but it is offering a new service to authors in the country at large. We have offices in Chicago and San Francisco; like all other publishers, we have used these almost entirely for educational service. Now, however, we propose to maintain a "trade" editor in both offices. Thus, authors in the middle west and the southwest, and on the Pacific Coast, can have direct contact with the company in their regions without having to come all the way to New York. In furtherance of this policy of covering the United States which is not New York, JOHN SCOON will become on June 1st the first "roving" editor. Formerly he was part of the Trade Department of Holt, later White House Correspondent of *The United States News*, and presently is editor of The University of Chicago Press.

This brings us back to the odd thing we have noticed about the publishing business. More, perhaps, than in any other occupation, human beings enter into the final accounting. Whether we print on papyrus or English finish, we are primarily bookmakers, with a strong interest in manufacture and design, but with a much stronger interest in human beings and their place in this most complicated world.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Towards a Moralized Society

RALPH BARTON PERRY

THE early decades of the present century are notable for their demonstration of man's aptitude both for destruction and for invention. His invention has been devoted to his destruction; and the question which all men, including philosophers, face today is whether man's invention can now be turned to constructive ends. The destruction has been so thorough as to suggest rebuilding rather than repair; and the rapid increase of human inventiveness suggests the possibility of new styles of architecture and engineering as well as new structures.

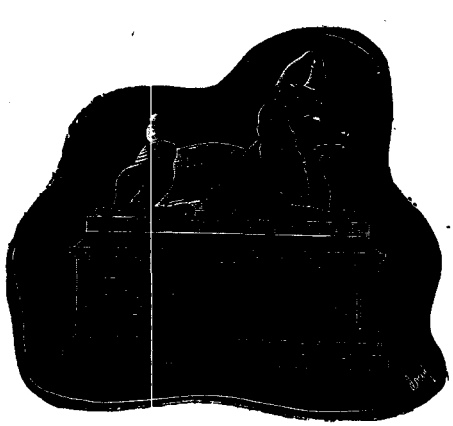
When the bomb crater is deep enough it uncovers unseen strata and forgotten deposits of the past. Similarly war pulverizes custom, releases primitive animal and human impulses, and recalls forgotten memories of the past. It disturbs minds as well as bodies. It stirs slumbering doubts. Men question what they have taken for granted—the state, the law, the economic system, the dogmas of religion, the curriculum of education, the prevailing moral code, the cult of science, the hope of progress, faith in the worth of civilization or of life itself. When the inventive capacity is simultaneously excited, the old problems not only are revived and reëxamined, but invite new solutions.

In short, the present crisis in human affairs makes philosophy relevant to life, and closes the gulf between the philosopher and the man of affairs. The fundamental problems which in settled times are left to the inordinate curiosity of the isolated sage or career philosopher become every man's problems. Philosophy finds suddenly that there is a more active market for its wares, not only for its traditional ways of thinking, but for its adventurous spirit.

Philosophy does not automatically contribute to the issues of the peace, or, in fact, to anything. Its contribution will depend on the interest and capacity of the philosophers; on the kind of philosophy they hold, and on their will to serve the age in which they live.

Whether those who are philosophers by vocation will rise to their present opportunity, or leave it to the amateur philosophizing of scientists and men of letters or of affairs, remains, then, to be seen. But certainly the vocation of philosophy should have begotten traits of mind and character which fit the philosopher for this task of rethinking, rebuilding, and refashioning civilization. Allowing for the margin of human failure which divides every achievement from its ideal, the philosopher is by vocation disinterested. It is his task to see all things roundly, and in their proper proportions. His mind is therefore ready to cope with general human problems and to seek objective solutions.

It is the mission of the philosopher to think carefully, and base opinions on evidence. His discipline prepares him to resist emotional excesses and to avoid precipitate panaceas. His habit of going to the bottom of things should enable him to find common ground underlying the superficial levels of national, racial, local, or historic idiosyncrasies. Being accustomed to universals and to wholes, he finds it natural to think of human life in terms of man, and of human relations in terms of an all embracing community of mankind. Being familiar with the ageless thought of the past, he can draw upon the treasury of man's intellectual tradition. In a time of broken threads he can serve as a restorer of continuity, and add old wisdom to new discovery. He is or should be magnanimous. He is trained to see both sides before he selects one. He has no axe to grind—or to sharpen. He should be slow to feel anger, and quick to forgive. He is qualified, in short, to reconcile differences and to help men to come to agreement in a world torn by war and civil dissension.



THIS makes the philosopher sound like God, or at least like the consciously superior proud man of Aristotle's ethics. We all, I am sure, have the impulse to tell our students at the opening of our courses that it is our vocation to study and teach philosophy rather than to practise it. We disclaim being philosophers, because the name, unlike the name "mathematician" or "chemist," suggests traits of character rather than subject matter of inquiry. But this is false modesty because it rests on confusion between the aim and the claim. If it is our philosophical vocation to think thoroughly and fundamentally, that is what we strive to do; that is what in some degree we do succeed in doing; and that is the kind of being we do in some degree become. At the same time, like the followers of any cult, we have our peculiar conviction of sin, our sense of the gap between what we are and what we ought to be. And the size of this gap will reflect the height of the standard as well as the level of attainment. Philosophers will seek to live up to their vocation but will be the last to claim credit for the little philosophy that is in them.

The idea that the philosopher is known by what he is, rather than by what he discovers or thinks, is so old and persistent that it is less important to prove it than to show its limitations. Philosophy rightly suffers in the esteem of mankind owing to the tradition that the philosopher is preoccupied with himself. Many great philosophers, ancient and modern, East and West, have given support to the idea that the philosopher's business is to save his own soul by refusing or withdrawing hos-

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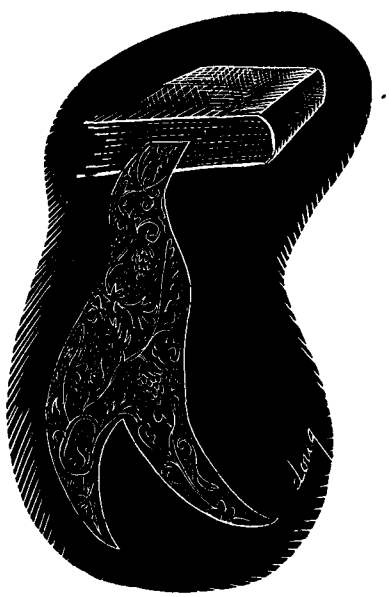
tages to fortune; by seating himself on a high place near eternity where he can survey temporality without contamination.

William Penn indicated the separation of thought and practice as follows: "*Error* now is brought from the Signification of an *Evil Life* to an *unsound Proposition,* as *Philosophy* is from *Mortification,* and well-living to an *Unintelligible Way of Wrangling.*" But to relate philosophy to life it is not necessary, as William Penn would have been quick to agree, to identify it with the philosopher's personal salvation. The philosopher is not compelled to choose between his own "well-living" and a specialized form of dialectical "wrangling." There is another alternative, which is to contribute his peculiar manner of thinking, and its best fruits, to the timely service of society and of mankind.

The conception of the philosopher's aloofness is saved from the suggestion of special privilege and self-indulgence by the supposition that it is dignified, or that it reflects the true nature of things, which only the philosopher knows and to which he alone can accommodate himself. Here the role of the philosopher is based not on the questions he asks but on certain particular answers he gives. One who believes these answers to be false cannot be expected to accept the corresponding interpretation of the role of the philosopher. Thus if one believes that the temporal stream of events is reality at its most real he cannot be expected to admire the philosopher who endeavors to locate himself outside it, the more so since he never succeeds in doing so. Similarly one who rejects as fantastic the doctrine that thought makes no causal difference in the world of natural and historic events cannot be expected to sympathize with the philosopher who thinks his only task is to arrange his own thoughts in order, while allowing more naive men to go to the rescue when civilization is threatened; the more so as this cult of spectatorship and evasion is itself, like any cult, inextricably enmeshed with the psycho-physical organism. Even a seat in the grandstand has to be bought, occupied, and protected.

THERE is no level of human life on which its activities are not modified by ideas, and there is no known law, biological, psychological, or philosophical, which defines a point at which ideas cease to be effective because of their generality. The dynamism of general ideas is the point at which the philosophical mind makes its entry into the practical situation, and an age like the present, when general problems require general solutions, is an age which places upon the philosopher a responsibility proportional to his opportunity.

In the sphere of general ideas and their application to life the philosopher's first task is clarification. We live in an age in which publicity has become a business, and propaganda a technical art. The profits of the business and the perfection of the art are judged by their mass effect. The philosopher learned about this when his mother read him the dialogues of Plato in the nursery. He recognizes the wicked Sophist in modern dress and armed with new weapons. He will look to Socrates as his good fairy and destroy the Sophist or undo his evil work. He will endeavor to define ideas clearly and to think scrupulously. He will try to protect society from the effects of that ver-



bal inflation in which words become cheap by the excess of their volume and circulation. Here as elsewhere he may be inclined to take the easy way of skepticism. Impressed with the comparative meaninglessness of human discourse, and enjoying a feeling of superiority in exposing it, he may join those semanticists who having begun with a study of meaning end by concluding, or at least by conveying the impression, that there is no meaning. A wise philosopher will realize that the human mind requires ideas, and that if it is not supplied with nourishing ideas it will find worthless or injurious substitutes. The wise philosopher with a sense of social responsibility will not be content, therefore, to point out that the word "democracy" is a weapon, or that the words "fascism" and "communism" are smear words; he will try to define democracy and other goals of human effort so that they may be the terms of honest and fruitful thinking.

THE appeal of the business of publicity and of the arts of propaganda is to conviction. It counts its success by the number of its converts. The philosopher, however far he may have wandered from his Aristotelian origins, still believes that conclusions follow from premises and general statements from particular observations. In this he will not differ from the mathematician and the scientist, but he will apply his code of careful thinking beyond the limits of the treatise and the laboratory—to human affairs and to everyday life. Or that at least will be his endeavor, since in becoming a philosopher he renounces once and for all the immunities of the specialist who is allowed without loss of caste to be the naivest of the naive outside the narrow field of his expertness.

The realization of general ideas in the organization of human affairs requires their adaptation to circumstances. Thus to create a just domestic economy, or an orderly and peaceful international order, it is necessary not only to clarify these general ideas and establish their validity but also to determine questions of timing and strategy. Obstacles have to be overcome, favorable opportunities have to be seized, and use has to be made of available forces. There is need here of a kind of thinking which is intermediate between the observation of facts and the definition or elaboration of ideal goals. This is the kind of thinking which is sometimes referred to as "judgment" or "wisdom"—and which makes up the greater part of moral and political thinking. Granting the contribution of experience to this form of intellectual skill, there is such a thing as relying too much on experience. Learning from experience confirms successes and eliminates failures; but success and failure are relative to ends sought; and it is the philosophic mind rather than the so-called practical mind which defines ends and can raise the lesson of experience from the level of short-range and piecemeal success to long-range and total success. It is the philosophic mind, in other words, which transforms opportunism into idealism, or politics into statesmanship.

Many of these contributions to an age of mass thinking about fundamental problems are drawn from the philosopher's method and discipline rather than from specific doctrines on which philosophers divide. But the philosophical solution of fundamental problems will depend, like the

(*Continued on page* 47)

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The Disjunction of Freedom

DOROTHY THOMPSON

ON A Saturday afternoon late in March 1944, an employee of the Soviet Purchasing Commission in the United States, one Victor Kravchenko, left his rented room in Washington, with the rent paid for a week in advance, and his office in the commission with his papers in order and a few dollars of salary still owing him, and taking a train to another city disappeared from contact with all but a few American friends. On April 4, as I learn from *The New York Times* Index, he issued from hiding a statement to the press announcing his resignation and assailing Soviet domestic and foreign policies. A "spokesman" for the Soviet embassy spoke disparagingly of Mr. Kravchenko, as a mere clerk, not as the chief of the metals section, as he claimed to be. On April 5 he was vehemently attacked by *The Daily Worker*, and replied on April 6. On April 7 the Soviet embassy denounced him as an army deserter, which he denied the next day, stating that he had been formally discharged from the army in connection with his technical tasks.

That was the Kravchenko "case." He disappeared in the Underground that exists in all countries for those who would escape the long arm of the ubiquitous political police of totalitarian states. But two years later, a book* of nearly five hundred pages tells this country and the world why Victor Kravchenko "chose freedom." It is, I believe, the most remarkable and most revelatory report to have come out of the Soviet Union from any source whatsoever.

Victor Kravchenko was not a "clerk." A clerk does not become manager or assistant manager of large metal works. A clerk does not rise in the ranks of the Communist Party to a position, not within, but not far below, the top hierarchy. Kravchenko was an engineer, selected and educated for his technical talents and his devotion as a "Comsomol"—a Communist youth—for positions in Russian factories demanding engineering, technical, and administrative talent and training. We thus, in this book, obtain the first inside picture of Soviet industrial life, its efficiency, its labor relations, and its handicaps. That is the story of Kravchenko as a boss among other Soviet bosses.

There is also the story of Kravchenko as a devoted party hack, charged to help fulfill party policies, such as the "liquidation" of the "Kulaks" and the forcible collectivization of Soviet agriculture.

And there is the story of Kravchenko caught in the network of the purges, living in palpitating anxiety that he, too, would join the ranks of the old revolutionaries, who passed from history, after preposterous "trials," with a bullet in their necks, or, instead, consigned to barred prisons.

And all the stories—the sum total of a human experience, enmeshed with other human experiences—have a certain naïveté. Kravchenko is not an "intellectual," concerned with philosophical abstractions. He became a Marxist as a youth, inflamed by the idealism of certain party proselyters, especially one. But his approach was not dialectical, but patriotic and human. He saw a vision of what could be accomplished, in Russia, for the Russian people. A child during the revolution and civil wars, a youth during the consolidation of the revolution, antitsarist from his earliest consciousness, for his father was an old revolutionist often imprisoned, imbibing from him the spirit of the revolt against the old order, taking from his grandfather, an old army officer and small country squire, a deep patriotism and national pride, and from his deeply religious mother a natural humanism; the recipient early of many Communist favors—the distinction of being selected, and especially educated—Kravchenko is wholly a product of the Russian revolution and the Communist regime. He has never lived in any other world, except as it was transmitted to him by the memory of others the nearest of whom were also in opposition to the past.

And even now, he cannot—or at least does not—measure the Russian regime against other regimes or other possible regimes. He does not espouse capitalism. He does not ask himself, nor answer for the reader, whether or not the heartless, stupid, inefficient, despotic, and mendacious bureaucracy which he describes, and of which he was himself a part, is, or is not, the inevitable outcome of the system itself—a system which makes the party dictatorship and managerial bureaucracy holders of total power, at once the law, the police, and the sole employer. He does not analyze the nature of freedom or the nature of power. He does not philosophize on the question of why or when the revolution which was to liberate the proletariat settled into becoming the dictatorship over the proletariat, instituting a system of serfdom more terrible and more inescapable than that of the pre-revolutionary tsars and barons, and creating for the vast Russian masses a permanent proletarian status. Educated, wholly in Russia, he has probably never heard of Lord Acton.

On the contrary, one has the impression that Mr. Kravchenko is still a Communist; that he feels that, among the members of the managerial hierarchy at least, there are sufficient men of good will and pure ideals to make the promised and hoped-for humane socialism work, if only each of them did not have over him another to check and watch and report and punish. He does not suggest that it would take another revolution to blot out the evils deriving from the last one. Perhaps Mr. Kravchenko does not know what he thinks about these things. In a sense, the new world around him must still confuse him. At any rate, it was not contact with America that made Mr. Kravchenko an enemy—and a formidable one—of the Stalin dictatorship. He had undergone a change of heart long before he came to America. Indeed, he confesses to having pulled every string just to "get out." To get out anywhere from the prison that the Soviet Union had become. And now what he does is simply to describe. He tells his own story, his "Personal History," from the inside of a regime which gave him everything at his disposal, including a high status, a good living, and considerable authority over his fellowmen: Everything, that is to say, except a quiet conscience, and freedom.

For those two gifts, the yearning of all in whom there is manhood, he sacrificed a career, risked the lives

(*Continued on page* 51)

*I CHOSE FREEDOM: The Personal and Political Life of a Soviet Official. By Victor Kravchenko. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 421 pp. $3.50.

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Mr. Ingersoll Sees It Through

TOP SECRET. By Ralph Ingersoll. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company, Inc. 1946. 373 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MARK S. WATSON

THOSE ancients whose memory reaches back to 1919 will recall that the wartime passions of the several Allies against the people who had been their common foe were soon eclipsed by the victor's intra-family rows about who had won the war. Among the Yanks in particular were heated words about which division had been the one shining star at Château-Thierry or Montfaucon.

Well, apparently it is starting all over again, if Mr. Ingersoll's new "Top Secret" is a true harbinger. Mr. Ingersoll, who has written three earlier books upon his war experiences, now encourages us to see that the Western Front campaign of 1944-5 was won chiefly by General Omar Bradley's superb work in the field. That judgment will receive wholehearted support from a host of observers who beheld Bradley's great achievements in the planning and in the performance. So will the author's praise of other American field commanders, such as Patton, Hodges, Simpson, and Devers, whom Mr. Ingersoll particularly notes.

But a large part of this new study of the war in the west, this time dealing for the first time with the planning and administration of the vast Overlord operation, dwells not merely on the tender subject of who won this war but on the still tenderer subject of who did not win it (other than Hitler, that is). Mr. Ingersoll's favorite candidate is Field Marshal Montgomery, against whom he directs the severest criticisms that have thus far come to public attention. These are not limited to criticisms of bumptiousness on the part of a Montgomery whom even Mr. Churchill found "intolerable in victory," or of Monty's excessive caution in risking his divisions, which a good many in the American First Army found to be gravely injurious to Allied enterprises at Falaise and elsewhere. Mr. Ingersoll's conviction is that it was specifically Monty (supporting the general British plan) who delayed the original assault, who consistently sought advantage for Britain (as against the American ally which was supplying so large a part of the joint invasion force), who strove to extend and ultimately to regain the field command over Bradley's more numerous and more conspicuously successful American forces, and whose insistence upon receiving for his British army group a large part of our own precious supplies in the critical August days was responsible for the insufficient supplies left to Bradley, and hence for a costly delay of the victory which Bradley and his lieutenants thought certain. He charges Marshal Montgomery with other delays and at length with actual disobedience of the Supreme Commander's firm order to proceed immediately with the vital Walcheren attack (to open Antwerp), and adds a record of General Eisenhower's angry report to General Marshall on Monty's repeated "insubordination" and Mr. Churchill's "interference."

Now it is apparent that these long-continued differences within the Supreme Headquarters set-up could not have existed without consciousness and tolerance on the part of extremely high authority. Mr. Ingersoll regards it not as tolerance, but design, so far as British high authority is concerned. In his early chapters, relating his observation of the planning of the cross-Channel operation, he records what he regards as a continuing British plot to circumvent or underpass or override the whole principle of Anglo-American equality in the partnership. To General Jacob L. Devers's efforts to maintain America's position, and to General Ira Eaker's insistence upon American air strategy, he appears to attribute those officers' transfer to the Mediterranean (where both won further distinction). To his own unofficial and unauthorized pleas to Harry Hopkins, and others' to Donald Nelson, he appears to attribute actions which ultimately restored a better percentage of American participation and the actual start of the operation. Even to the American Navy and Air Forces the critical Mr. Ingersoll attributes early opposition, the Navy's Pacific-war interest leading it to withhold landing craft from Europe, while the Air Forces "subtly but definitely" fought the Normandy invasion plan in order to aid the growth of their own air project. Finally Mr. Ingersoll discloses additional handicaps in the person of "certain individuals who advised or influenced Roosevelt" on whom "I cannot put my finger by name or motive," who hampered the program.

Now it is inevitable that such a conception of the situation in Europe must array Mr. Ingersoll against the most conspicuous and responsible figure in the whole vast enterprise, General Eisenhower himself, whom most of us have been regarding—and will continue to regard—as the chief of all the architects of victory. And that is the fact. After years during which the American Supreme Commander has been receiving warm praise from statesmen and soldiers, from Americans, British, French, Russians, even Germans, without remembered dissent, it remains for Mr. Ingersoll to discover that much of the time General Ike was duped by the British, that in Africa "he handled the hot political pokers and took the bows," that in Sicily he "again fought the American Chiefs of Staff" in the British interest, that "he, of course, had nothing to do with leading the invasion" into Normandy, that in the later supplies emergency when "history called for a bold and forceful man" General Eisenhower "failed to rise to this situation." And then, after all, "it is not entirely fair to blame him for his failure in what was never meant to be his responsibility, *i.e.*, field command." Well!

The trouble, Mr. Ingersoll decides, was in the Overlord Plan itself, designed as it was so largely by those English. But the odd thing is that from time to time Mr. Ingersoll, who denounces the plan in those aspects which displeased him, recognizes that once the majestic Plan got under way, not its prime maker (Lieut. Gen. Frederick Morgan, who deserves far more in history than he has yet received) nor Monty, nor anybody else could do much about it. "The Plan was Master," he observes—which it was. (Much this same domination of plan over maker was keenly noted long ago by Tolstoy in the far lesser campaign recorded in "War and Peace.") That very fact is likely to impress the reader of history otherwise than as it presently impresses Mr. Ingersoll. The Plan for invasion *did* happen to be the largest such calculation in military history. It *did* foresee and cope with difficulties which a great many, including the German Staff, had thought would be insuperable. It *did* gain results swifter than the optimistic had looked for—and in this surprising fact most observers have recognized the very reason for that

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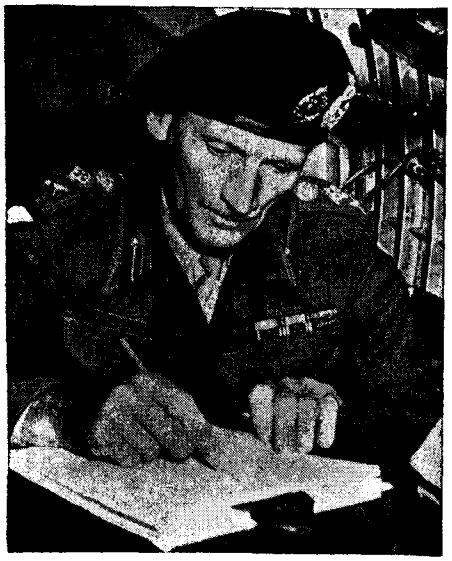
SOME OF THE ALLIED LEADERS WHO FIGURE IN "TOP SECRET"



The charges against Montgomery include "bumptiousness . . . excessive caution . . . costly delay . . . actual disobedience."

"In the later supplies emergency when 'history called for a bold and forceful man Eisenhower failed to rise to this situation'."

Churchill "found Montgomery 'intolerable in victory'," and himself is charged with "'interference'."

—*British Information Service*

"The trouble was in the Overlord Plan," with Lieut. Gen. Frederick Morgan as prime maker . . . "'The Plan was Master'."

—*Press Association, Inc.*

As part of "a British plot, Gen. Jacob L. Devers's efforts to maintain American position" got him sent to the Mediterranean.

—*Press Association, Inc.*

Gen. Ira Eaker's "insistence upon American air strategy" earned him a similar change of scenery, as part of the same "plot."

tragic supplies difficulty which developed, once our initial rush had gone so far. It *did* lay the vast and necessary foundation for the stupendous Allied victory which one day came. It *did* maintain, through the awful press of the hard days which Mr. Ingersoll experienced, through the chagrin of delays, through the exultation of each phase of victory, the essential coöperation of the Anglo-American partnership which gloomier prophets had said could not survive. It *did* survive even victory.

Now to most observers that would seem to have been a pretty fair sort of plan, even granting its largely English origin. And the high command which maintained it, while the field commands were gaining such magnificent results (not wholly undesigned in the plan), would seem to deserve the praise which it has been receiving, rather than the complaints now advanced. Criticism of this sort does not comprise the entire book, to be sure, and near the close, after all this berating of a British attitude which, if you can believe it, looked toward long-range results in world politics, Mr. Ingersoll comes to a sudden startled conclusion. He finds that "the first lesson we learned was really that the British, when you understood the whole problem, reacted very much as we—or the Russians, the French, or Chinese—might have reacted in the same situation. They simply reacted as a national group dealing with other national groups." And the second lesson was that "when we learned what we (Americans) wanted, collectively we were strong enough and smart enough to get it."

A large part of the book indeed is devoted to reciting the manner in which the Americans learned what they wanted, largely by doing it. There are graphic portrayals of the local confusions and discouragements of D-Day; of the indomitable field leadership of Bradley (Mr. Ingersoll's praise of whom will be echoed by every war correspondent who knew that superb and modest soldier whom Ike himself has praised above all others); of the serene and inspiring courage of many another field commander, such as General Ridgway; of the overwhelming deeds of the First Division; of the large services of the French resistance forces; of

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the high efficiency of Patton and Hodges in their respective tasks, and of Simpson's amazing cut-off of the Ruhr. There are gay interludes too. For instance, the unfortunate whimsy of a tank leader who sent back word: "Have taken bridge across the Danube—and it's BLUE." A studious staff sergeant at headquarters stiffened and would not stand for it; he made the message read "Have taken bridge across the Danube, and it is blown" —which of course it was not.

In fact there is a great deal in "Top Secret" which has not been top secret, and that includes some of the best passages. Yet it is inescapable that the reader who has for years been reading of field operations, and never of staff considerations which were not publicly discussed in wartime, will chiefly peruse Mr. Ingersoll's observations and appraisals of these mysteries. He will perhaps ask if the author's observations are sufficiently complete, and hence if the conclusions are in good perspective, or whether there is too frequent and intense focussing upon men and things Mr. Ingersoll dislikes.

There were, after all, a great many writing men who had excellent opportunities to see staff action and a prolonged experience in the field. They included many who disliked Monty, who knew he was bumptious and excessively cautious (which once or twice proved a good thing), and wholly British in his zeal, but who never got the impression Mr. Ingersoll received. Among those writing men were many who knew our supplies failings, but also knew their large causes. There were even some who knew that field campaigning is not an exact science but chiefly an art, and hence know that not everything can be foreseen or accurately estimated and — certainly— that not everything goes as expected.

Americans had no monopoly of wisdom or of good luck, but we did have an astonishing amount of both, and a good many of us who have seen two World Wars are inclined to be profoundly grateful for what we had, and less critical than Mr. Ingersoll of what we lacked. And most of us, who know how superbly General Ike did his unprecedented and enormous job, remain eternally strong for Ike, and grateful that his services to his country are not yet over.

Mark S. Watson, as war correspondent for the Baltimore Sun, *spent twenty months reporting operations in Sicily, Italy, France, and Germany. He terminated his own service in World War I as officer in charge of the original* Stars and Stripes.

All Kinds of Germans

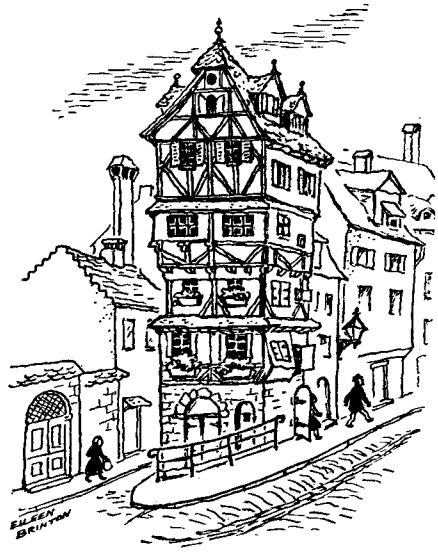
EXPERIMENT IN GERMANY. By Saul K. Padover. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1946. 400 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by SIGRID SCHULTZ

SPEARHEADING into Germany with our front-line units, specialists in the new science of "psychological warfare" reconnoitered the minds of the Germans while the battle was still raging, in an attempt to find ways and means of speeding up the German surrender. For months after the war much of their work remained shrouded in secrecy, but today the hush-hush experts are gradually recovering the art of speech, and the chief of one of the most efficient psychological warfare teams, Professor Saul K. Padover, historian, author, and one-time assistant to the Secretary of the Interior, reports his experiences and observations.

As was to be expected from a historian, Mr. Padover's book provides a detailed, honest, revealing, and sometimes eloquent description and analysis of the Germans and their reactions in Western and Central Germany in the days of their country's collapse and surrender. It tells of danger and narrow escapes, of lovable G.I. driver Joe and of pompous, asinine Major Windy, who succumbed to Nazi propaganda, of harrowing cruelties and of the bravery of a very few individual Germans whom Padover learned to respect. The author minces no words in exposing some of our painful shortcomings and some of the scarcely believable blunders we made in our initial attempts to administrate and possibly even to start the reform of Germany before the end of the war.

Shortly after the battle of Bastogne I met the Padover team in Aachen, where they were collecting



evidence on near-Nazis and Nazis who had managed to ingratiate themselves with Military Government officers and secure most of the key posts in the town, including that of mayor. That the mayor and most of his cohorts had been employees of an Aachen arms plant, and therefore belonged to the most dangerous type of Germans, did not faze some of their appointers, who babbled about the "charming manners" and the "delightful entertaining" of their protégés. The latter worked hard and rather successfully to discredit the few available anti-Nazis in the minds of the American rulers—just as their counterparts in other sections of our zone do today.

Padover tells the story of how the outstanding non-Nazi on our setup in Aachen at the beginning of 1945 insisted that every ablebodied man and woman in town be compelled to help in emergency work and that those who refused to work be deprived of their ration cards. We rejected this German suggestion, bitterly disappointing the non-Nazis, who hoped that the day had come when their former masters would be forced to help rebuild what they had destroyed. In many sections of Germany we have continued that same policy of sparing the healthy idle, with the result that there is a shortage of workers on farms and in mines, while in the cities the number of unemployed seeking easier jobs and relief is near the million mark.

Much to the delight of Military Government men who realized the mistakes we were making, Padover insisted on questioning and investigating the shady appointees. Some of these interviews are reported in "Experiment in Germany" and throw a revealing light on the minds of men who thought they could fool all Americans all the time. Padover's interview with the Bishop of Aachen is a masterpiece which should be studied by every American who is called upon to deal with German churchmen.

The reports which Padover presented to Washington early in 1945 proved so alarming that the Military Government men in the field were finally given directives which made it clear that Nazis were not to be allowed to run Germany under American rule.

After questioning vast numbers of Germans in the winter of 1944-1945, Padover came to the conclusion that "it was Stalingrad that produced all the verbal anti-Nazis. . . . They blamed the once revered leader for

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all their ills and heaped upon him all their vilifications. And they looked around, but only in their minds, for a new Fuehrer to lead them. But they did not do anything except curse, curse in their souls, curse in the intimacy of their homes. And many became frustrated and demoralized and hopeless and suicidal and they did not care what happened to Germany."

With pride he records: "My reports to headquarters caused something of a sensation. What I wrote was so much at variance with the picture of Superman painted by Goebbels." Padover drew the conclusion that the Werewolf threat was merely Goebbels's boastfulness.

It would be dangerous if the reader were to accept this part of the appraisal of German psychology in the days of defeat as a lasting development. Since then, German nationalism has enjoyed a measure of revival. Padover realized that himself as he moved deeper into Germany. He observes: "During the war the German birthrate was higher than the deathrate. It is a terrifying thought that, in long range terms, the Germans may have won this war after all. Ever since I saw those (German) vital statistics last winter I have been convinced that, unless the new generation undergoes a revolutionary change, in twenty years Germany will make another try at world domination."

The tragedy of the decent Germans, who felt a sense of guilt for the crimes committed in the name of Germany and yet were unable to stop them, is told eloquently. There is the story of Joseph Mohren, the youth who was known as the "grave digger" because he volunteered to demine booby-traps which withdrawing German forces had hidden all over what was left of the ugly little industrial town of Wuerselen. There are the interviews with Socialists, Communists, and others who tried not to work for the Nazis. But Padover points out that he found only two men who actually wanted to go out and fight the Nazis. He reaches the conclusion that "clearly, in Germany the nationalists had no monopoly on nationalism."

His quest for evidence of anti-Nazi activity failed: "In the end, neither myself nor anybody else found much opposition, overt or underground, to the Hitler regime but only servile and abject acquiescence. This is in itself the most terrible indictment of the German nation."

"What hope there is for a democratic, a decent future for Germany" Padover believes lies in the Social

Saul K. Padover: ". . . unless the new generation undergoes a revolutionary change, in twenty years Germany will make another try at world domination."

Democrats, some Communists, and a few left Centrists. He describes them as "old weak-kneed, soft-willed men. They are not much and not many, but they are something, and upon them we may have to rely to cleanse the pestilential Reich."

Some of the wisest Germans Padover quotes believe that "if the Allies systematically support the healthy kernel inside Germany, Nazism could be eradicated within a generation"—but that kernel, according to this reporter's long years of observation, should not be chosen according to party affiliations but only on strength of character and ability. There still are men of integrity in Germany. Though their number is painfully small they could help their countrymen find a better pattern of living—provided they get systematic support.

In his search for resistance groups Padover met with members of the "Edelweiss pirates"—juveniles who indulged in feuds with Hitler Youth. Strangely enough he refers only in passing to the attempt on Hitler's life on July 20, 1944, which was by far the most important anti-Nazi effort of the war.

Padover admits that of "Hitler's Germans I had only second-hand or third-hand knowledge," and therefore when it comes to details, such as the attempt on Hitler's life, he trusts the say-so of little pawns in the big game who were much too far removed from the actual plotter to be in on the know. They even misspelled the name of the outstanding Socialist leader, Leuschner, who paid with his life for conspiring with General Beck to kill Hitler and seek peace at any price in 1944. But at the time when Padover garnered his information, the guns were still firing and we had not seized the vast amounts of documents we now have —nor had we found the record of the thousands whom the Nazis killed after the attempt on Hitler's life. The little politicians in the Rhineland believed that General von Witzleben had been the careless man who had endangered the lives of the plotters by keeping records in his safe, while in reality it was the professional politician Goeddeler who left a trail that led the Nazis to many who had worked with him to prepare the attempt to overthrow Hitler.

The frank description of what happens after a violent battle will be a shock to some Americans. As the author and his associates travelled the German highways in the wake of battle, they met the pathetic army of liberated slaves and prisoners, they hit the concentration camp of Buchenwald, and they heard the complaints of the Germans. In the last combat phase of the war, Padover reported to his superiors: "There is no doubt that Germany is being looted. There are three categories of looters, Americans, Germans, and foreigners. The Americans take liquor and portable souvenirs, such as weapons, cameras, field-glasses, jewelry, silver, etc. The Germans take everything they can lay their hands on, because nothing is available in the shops for purchase. The foreign workers only take food and clothing. They take only what they need for life and sustenance, yet they get most of the blame."

The author's eyewitness story of what happened in the moated castle of Cziczewitz near Paderborn, when the local populace broke in after the Americans left, could find its counterpart in the experiences of almost every American who was in Germany during the last phase of the war.

The most famous Nazi whom Padover interviewed was Goebbels's radio expert, General Kurt Dittmar, the one-time "voice of the Wehrmacht," whose definition of victory is the jewel in Padover's thumbnail sketch of the propaganda general. "You must differentiate between total victory and total defeat," he told the victorious Americans, to whom he had run to escape capture by the Russians. He added: "There is such a thing as a victorious defeat and a defeat that bears in itself the seeds of ultimate victory"—a thought which the general and many of his propaganda colleagues disseminated widely in Germany, possibly in memory of Napoleon's saying, which Mr. Padover quotes for the benefit of his readers: "An enemy is not defeated until he thinks himself defeated."

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A Family Rarely in Repose

DELTA WEDDING. By Eudora Welty. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 247 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

ADMIRERS of Miss Welty's earlier work will certainly be surprised, and may possibly be disappointed, as they read this novel. "Delta Wedding" plunges its readers into the rich and tumultuous lives of the Fairchild family, who live on a plantation in the Mississippi Delta country. The year is 1923; the family has gathered together to celebrate the wedding of one of its daughters, Dabney, to the plantation overseer; and the reader is to have the privilege of observing this family in action, which is putting it mildly, for seven whole days.

I confess to having experienced a certain uneasiness as I read the opening pages of this work; and that the uneasiness rapidly turned into sheer dismay. As one follows little Laura McRaven, the motherless cousin, into the bosom of her Fairchild relatives, it becomes clear that the Fairchilds have had a slightly besotting effect not merely upon their little cousin (which is understandable) but upon the author as well. On page 17 one of the rare moments of Fairchild repose is described as follows:

> It was hard to ever quite leave the dining room after supper. It would be still faintly day, and not much cooler. They all still sat, until the baby, who had hung, teasing crumbs and coffee out of them from her high chair ("Mama, let Bluet eat at the table!"), wilted over like a little flower in her kimono with the butterfly sleeves and was kissed all around and carried up in flushed sleep in Dabney's overeager arms.

Here, surely, is Pan piping from the thicket. Here is the authentic ring of the popular serial story. But how comes Miss Welty—a writer justly renowned for the astringency of her prose—to be indulging in this sort of thing?

The prose improves; but Miss Welty's method, like Dabney's arms, continues to be overeager. In order to convey to the reader the vitality and diversity of the Fairchilds, she lets everything happen at once. The novel develops in a way, but it develops against heavy odds, for it must always struggle along through a jungle of disconnected conversations, of sudden exits and entrances, of quaint names, crowding relationships, and assiduous and unblushing charm. Neither life nor literature can support a prolonged bout of happiness; and if the novel survives, it is because Miss Welty is far too good a writer to be able to protect the Fairchild family against her own insight. Opaque as the Fairchilds sometimes are, she sees through them. Their

life, so blossomy on the surface, seems to be rooted in rather questionable soil; dozens of small incidents, almost lost in the general rejoicing, attest to this. And the two stories which run a parallel but intermittent course throughout the novel throw a rather odd light upon this happy family. One tells us that Dabney is considered to be marrying beneath her, and that in their attitude towards Troy, the overseer, the Fairchilds somewhat resemble a country club. The other explains that Uncle George, who is the hero of the family, has also incurred the family displeasure by marrying beneath him, his wife being of very humble origin. Whenever either of these stories can make itself clearly heard above the irrelevant tumult of the Fairchild family, "Delta Wedding" stops being a luscious and implausible chronicle and becomes a piece of really good fiction.

And so, when the book is finished, one's respect for Miss Welty remains unimpaired. After all, every writer is entitled to one fit of nostalgia, one ascent into Cloudcuckooland. Moreover, Miss Welty retains a toehold upon solid ground. The world of which we sometimes catch a glimpse beneath the Fairchild surface is that extraordinary world which Miss Welty created in "A Curtain of Green"—a place at once grotesque and lucid, a place in which happiness is all the more real because it is so very rare.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN"

The following narrative, by Dr. C. Elta Van Norman, of Geneseo, New York, contains more than 50 titles of mystery and detective fiction. Allowing 2 points for each one you can pick out, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better, is excellent. Answers on page 46.

The winds of evil pierced the night over the wood. Old Mrs. Camelot had come through the dark garden where cats prowl at night and where there is even terror by twilight. She wore the Chinese shawl, black orchids trembled at her breast, and on her chuckling fingers glittered the moonstone. In short, she was a lady in a million, although the thin man who lived at 77 Willow Road had dubbed her Old Battleaxe.

"It couldn't matter less," she thought. Moreover, he and the man in lower 10 had already answered for the murder of Roger Ackroyd and for that experiment perilous which was involved in the affair at the boat landing.

"I'll hate myself in the morning," she meditated, as she stopped. Behind her, the listening house, the house that hate built, was silent. Silent too was the lodger lying at the foot of the circular staircase with the gold bug crawling over his outstretched hand. The grey room, with its shadows on the wall, its too many bones, and the stiff figure of the uninvited in the coffin for Dimitrios was ablaze, while she trod the black path of fear. The only sound was the baying of the hound of the Baskervilles, belonging now to the man with the lumpy nose.

The trees formed a dark tunnel as she paused near the sad cypress. Quiet now, then a new sound—the crying sisters from the edge of the swamp. It had come, then, this appointment with death. "No! Better escape while I can!" she cried hoarsely. "Let the skeletons rattle! There have been too many suspects. They'll never know. It's a black alibi, but an alibi, nevertheless."

Night's cloak covered her. Something said, "Don't look behind you." But the pattern for murder was complete. She remembered death, deaths of others. She had now reached the stream sinister. "Goodbye, dear Elizabeth," she whispered softly.

She bent down, tried to penetrate the darkness beyond Dead Man's Float. Then it came, payment deferred. First the snarl of the applegreen cat, the glimpse of the corpse with the floating foot. Then a gentle push, a guttural cry. The dark voyage began, and she too was a phantom lady.

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Are There Any Good Germans?

THE OTHER SIDE. By Storm Jameson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1946. 134 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

MUCH has been written about the psychology of the typical German, and many theories advanced about the problem of dealing with a conquered enemy in his own country. Can the German be trusted? Are there any "good" Germans, or are they all infected with an incurable neurosis, a poison at the core, a madness which only lies in wait to break out periodically?

Miss Jameson looks at the problem, and obviously trusts the Germans about as far as she can throw an anvil. In this brief, highly charged, dramatic story of what happened when two officers of the Allied Army of Occupation took over a German household in a small village near Mainz, she has some interesting and perceptive observations to make. Her mouthpiece is Michel Aubrac, one of the officers, a Frenchman bearing the scars, physical and emotional, of his experience with the Gestapo. Aubrac has signed up for the Army of Occupation to satisfy a nagging curiosity. He wants to find out how it is possible that "everything, in a country which has pushed to its furthest point the line of technical science, should correspond to a myth? . . . The Myth of the Niebelungs, that morass of jealousy, treachery, cruelty —only words ending in *y* are orgiastic enough—springs out wherever you touch Germany. . . . We shall never, he thought, have peace until we know *why* what is common to all of us, pride and delight in cruelty, and, with polite decency, commonly hidden, is in Germany set up as a model for schoolchildren." Later in the book he muses:

> Are they brave? I suppose so—if a man who is so frightened of dying that he commits suicide is brave. They must be horribly frightened to try as desperately as they do to make the world safe for Germans. Only Germans. I suspect them of being deathly afraid of each other—look at the ghastly way Germans have always treated Germans. It's their endless cold nights, and the cold summers, which aren't summers, and the muddy light. A hill in France is a hill, where you can see it and build a house on it, and our rivers are rivers, where you fish. Here you'd probably hook some yelling Rhine-maiden or other. . . . All that cold and darkness, and the hatreds it bred, and the revolting stories they made up and told each other —no wonder they have these manias about obedience and duty, and no wonder they periodically blow the lid off to prove how strong they are.

The house in which Aubrac and Adrian Long are billeted is the ancestral home of the Von Leyde family, and a disagreeable lot they are, too. There is Frau von Leyde, the venomous old matriarch; her daughter Anna, a lumpish, frightened woman; Paul von Galen, Anna's husband, ex-officer of the German army, an embodiment of all that is implacable, hypocritical, and treacherous; Heinrich, his twelve-year-old son, a young Nazi of the "Tomorrow the World" type; Lotte, another daughter, and a daughter-in-law, Marie, a Frenchwoman who married into the von Leyde family and renounced her loyalty to her own country. But Marie's life with the von Leydes hasn't been a happy one. They have never accepted her; they distrust and dislike her. The drama of the story hinges largely on Marie's awakened patriotism, her willingness to sacrifice herself to betray Paul von Galen's activity in an underground plot.

The swiftly-paced action of Miss Jameson's story is gripping and exciting, but one could wish for less involved and subjective characterization. These people are not human beings so much as they are mental processes. Aubrac's contempt for a Frenchwoman who could marry a German, and his final acceptance of her regeneration; Marie's relationship to the von Leydes, her struggle to understand why she could betray, first, her own French heritage, and secondly her husband's people whom she had made her own; her love affair with the young English officer which ends with his death in the foiling of von Galen's plot—all these conflicts with themselves and with each other seem excessively intellectualized. Miss Jameson's style drains the book of some quality of flesh and blood, warmth and emotion. But it is this same very subjective, analytical, highly cerebral style which has won for Miss Jameson her special and devoted audience.

An Unembittered Race Novel

TRUMPET TO THE WORLD. By Mark Harris. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc. 1946. 242 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG

THE influence of the poet Whitman upon our culture has been most notable, I think, in recent years, when our concepts of democracy as related to the American scene have come very much to the fore in our literature, and, even more conspicuously, in our music. With the sudden popularity of democratic ballads, heralded by the work of people like Earl Robinson and his collaborators, a kind of Whitmanesque feeling for commonplace American figures has been exercised by our socially conscious lyricists and writers; in their work these characters take on an anonymity which is not really anonymity, but a sort of classification which throws people into familiar and easily comprehensible groups. The writer places the individual, so to speak, in his niche; as he loses one aspect of his identity, another aspect of it is emphasized—his occupation, for example, or his home state—and he fits quickly into a larger general scheme. This simple and, in many ways, effective method of dealing with "The People" suggests the Whitman "I" which is really "We"—and it is a similar method, a deeply sympathetic and democratic feeling for America and Americans, that we get in Mark Harris's fine story of a Negro poet named Willie Jim.

It is very much to Mr Harris's credit that, in writing this story of a Negro, educated and loved by a white woman, persecuted in the army as well as in civilian life, he avoids the bitterness, the emotionalism, and the loss of perspective which mark so many of the books which attempt to deal with the plight of the American Negro. Mr. Harris never loses his perspective; his Willie Jim never loses his perspective; and what emerges is a fine and sensitive study of a very strong character, of his relationships with other human beings, his attitudes, his misfortunes, his triumphs. Willie Jim, always hungry to talk to other people, to talk to Negroes and to white men, never abandons his faith in them—

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runs an army school for illiterates, in a Southern army camp, and soon has white men sitting with Negroes and learning, too. As important as Willie Jim is the way that he sees other men, for he is a poet:

> That night, Willie Jim wrote, they were one man and had done one job, together . . . They were individual soldiers, yet all one mammoth soldier with many arms and many legs and one strength . . .
> They were truly the best outfit in the world, a lawyer from Maine, a bookkeeper from Los Angeles, a poet from South Carolina, a boilermaker and a dental technician, laborers and redcaps. . . .

There, in its most obvious expression, is the feeling of which I speak, and I have not seen it more sincere or contagious than it is in this surprising novel.

Probably the most outstanding feature of Mr. Harris's novel, however, is his ability to combine a profound sympathy for the group and the problems of the group with a genuine insight into the individual mind and emotion, never losing sight of either. As a result, there is an excellent balance between the strong, carefully examined characters and the more numerous, almost anonymous ones who wander through his story. Willie Jim is startling, is clear, is the individual—his story alone is important—but at the same time he is the chorus, pronouncing and reiterating his hard-learned democratic lesson. On the other hand, how much we learn, for example, of a minor character and of the men he addresses, when Lieutenant Crutchfield gets up on Christmas Day and says, simply, to a group of Negro soldiers: "Some of you have asked me today whether the Lord is on the ball . . . Some of you say the Lord is not on the ball today, this day of all days, but I say He is, and I say He is not forgetting Negro soldiers."

What Mr. Harris says of the readers of Willie Jim's book might well be said of the readers of his own: "They would wonder that this strange story was written in the land that sang, freedom."

For all who are appalled by the misfortunes of the Negro in America, who are sick to death of the bitter and hopeless novels which can take no constructive attitude toward a gigantic problem, to all those who have not yet lost faith in the power of education, this book will come as a most gratifying offering. Mr. Harris is clear-headed and sincere, writes beautifully, and directs his energies toward problems which, sadly enough, cannot ever in our time have too much literary attention.

Lorelei in a Bathtub

PEABODY'S MERMAID. By Guy and Constance Jones. New York: Random House. 1946. 242 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM BATES

THIS freshly imagined and pleasantly presented little novel falls very exactly into the "escape literature" class. But the main trouble with escape is that when you escape *from* something you escape *into* something else. Mr. Peabody found this out in no easy manner.

Arthur Peabody had had a nasty bout with the flu in his native Boston and his brisk little wife Polly had cooked up a sojourn for the two of them on one of the Saint Hilary Islands lying calm and jewel-like upon the waters of the Caribbean. Peabody was incapable of much enthusiasm about anything at the time and he looked with specially jaundiced eye upon the frantic social activities of the island where an English colony flourished vigorously amid alcohol, gossip, and mild flirtatiousness. But things look a good deal brighter when he spies from his windows the morning after arrival a most inviting little mystery island lying aglint in the early sunlight not too far offshore his own St. Hilda's. And sure enough, there at the foot of the pier lay the *Amberjack,* a strange little fishing boat in disreputable condition but quite equal to a trip to the magic isle.

Peabody sets out on adventure—and finds it. The first time he goes to the island all he comes upon is a disturbing antique comb of gold and a lovely Lorelei voice tauntingly coming from nowhere. But he is obsessed by the spot and by the voice. Useless are all Polly's pleas and endeavors to force him into the normal social run of things in the colony. He does attend a party or two to see if he can locate the possessor of

the golden voice, but while at these functions he behaves in such a disturbing manner that things are not better off. Polly is puzzled and chagrinned.

Now the curious affair begins. Peabody has never learned his lesson about leaving well enough alone and he rashly brings his new and alluring companion, once he catches up with her, right into his home. A pretty kettle of fish indeed! For the lady of the voice and comb is a heart disturbing young blonde from the crown of her head to her gracefully slender waist, but from there on she is a glittering and incalculable fish. Peabody finds her ideal company and refuses to give her up for more conventional associates. His early attempts at secreting her are unsuccessful—no one can blame Polly for her unsympathetic attitude after her first abrupt shock at seeing, unexpectedly in her own bath, awash in her own favorite bubble bath, what seems to her unenchanted eyes a totally strange fish.

Things go from bath to worse. Scandal spreads like wild fire around the island. Who is the mysterious woman with whom Peabody is obviously involved? What of this? And what of that? Peabody must be drunk, mad. Alienists are baffled, friends are secretly delighted at the bad turn of events. Peabody puts up a gallant fight but the end is inevitable. There is no place in the world of common sense for a mermaid or for a man who believes in a mermaid. The Peabodys will go back to Boston and will once more take on the aspect of stodgy decorum. Or will he? Entirely? One of the Islanders (in vino veritas?) says at the end, "He'll never be the same. But what a memory! A heart sorrow-laden, a long, long sigh for the cold strange eyes of a little mermaiden, and the gleam of her golden hair."

The collaboration of the Joneses has produced a most diverting tale with a beautiful balance between realism and fantasy. In the sharp, tangy descriptions of the eccentricities, excesses, and bickerings of this group of expatriates, does one detect the feminine touch and the masculine in the haunting, evanescent quality of dreamlike adventure? Mr. Peabody and his mermaid move in a quivering, bedazzling light that throws everything into strange proportions and casts puzzling lights around them, but the other people have their wits and wit about them, and their only dreams come from what they ate, or drank.

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Strange and Amazing People

AT MRS. LIPPINCOTE'S. By Elizabeth Taylor. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 265 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG

THE world into which we slip, with the people who live in Mrs. Lippincote's house, is a world which most Americans cannot be expected to recognize as their own or ever to understand—a distinctly English-literature world, a charming and fragile world of afternoon tea and innuendoes, of evanescent emotions and startling minds, momentarily picked up, carefully dissected, gently laid down. We see it, for the most part, through the eyes of Julia Davenant, a woman as soft as her name, whose compassion extends to everyone she knows, with the notable exception of her officer-husband's adoring and lonely cousin, Eleanor.

> To myself [says Julia] I seem like a little point of darkness with the rest of the world swirling in glittering circles around me. How I *long* to draw some of the brightness to me. That is what makes me inquisitive—it is only stretching out my hands to other people. . . . Roddy has often begged me to stop. It embarrasses him when I try to overhear conversations in restaurants, or sit and stare with my mouth open in the train, and what good does it do, since other people's lives remain an illusion? You may catch at their clothes and are sometimes left with shreds of them in your hands, but the people themselves are gone and then what little treasure and brightness you may bring home to yourself . . . changes at once to darkness, is absorbed by your own shadow.

We follow the stretch of Julia's hands to their fingertips and find, at the end, such personalities as the Wing Commander, superior officer to her husband, Roddy ("She must be an anxiety to him in some ways," thinks the Wing Commander)—Mr. Taylor, of the gray suede shoes and, probably, corsets—Julia's sickly and alarming son, Oliver ("To discover how Oliver's life was lived, it was necessary, as in reading 'The Waste Land,' to have an extensive knowledge of literature")—and the somewhat stuffy husband to whom she is, as the Wing Commander suspects, an anxiety.

No less interesting than the cousin-in-law whom she despises is Eleanor, Eleanor the spinster, Eleanor the lonely, who finds herself (unlike all the other literary spinsters who, we thought desperately, at first, she was certainly going to resemble too much) thrust suddenly into a group of Marxists and cannot be quite sure whether she has found herself. (. . ."It is not I. Or is it, at last, I, myself? The adventurer, the liar, the hypocrite?")

—*Basil Shackleton*

"It is with difficult and elusive stuff that Elizabeth Taylor deals, and she makes the most of it; the world is strange, but the people are real."

These are strange people, amazing people, people in whom, though they are nothing like us, really, we find bright fragments of our own thoughts, our own emotions and desires and experiences, in the dissection of whom we find odd startling pieces of ourselves.

It is somewhat surprising to read, on the dust jacket of Miss Taylor's book, that she writes "slowly and without enjoyment." Slowly, yes—there is a careful and highly selective quality about her work—the emotion is crystallized, each picture sharp and clear. But it seems impossible, or, at least, highly improbable, that her insight, her enjoyment of the human mind, the human experience, should find expression in a method which she considers drudgery.

I certainly cannot imagine anyone sitting behind a typewriter and producing, without considerable satisfaction and pleasure, so lovely a little book. There can be no doubt that it is essentially episodic; it is unified simply by time and setting—there is actually no logical sequence—it is built around the family's stay at the home of Mrs. Lippincote. But we cannot be too concerned, in a novel of this sort, with technical deficiencies—a certain amount of disorganization seems to go with Julia. It is with difficult and elusive stuff that Miss Taylor deals, in this cobweb of a book, and she makes the most of it; the world is strange, but the people are real. We stretch out our hands with Julia Davenant, and toward her.

The Witnesses

By Harriet Sampson

THE molten wax upon the ear
The shape of auricle had found;
The buried cerecloths hardened round
The skull of Lazarus; decay
Was overpowering spice and nard
Upon the fourth day.

They took the sealing stone away
As they were told. Light struck the cave,
Lay on the shroud, no warmth it gave
To dust awaiting yet the Word.
Then, "Lazarus, come forth!" The loud
Cry pierced; the dead ears heard.

The muffled length of Lazarus stirred.
He rose, came strangely, as it seemed
Drugged by the myrrh of death; redeemed,
But blind and bound; he did not know
Deliverance till Jesus saith,
"Loose him, and let him go."

They raised the cloth; those friends who so
Loved Lazarus obeyed again.
Open and free, his eyes saw men.
And still the summoning voice commands,
"Come forth!" Still the redeemed will be
Unloosed by mortal hands.

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The War After the War

A FRENCHMAN MUST DIE. By Kay Boyle. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1946. 213 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

GUY MITCHELL, the son of an American officer in the First World War by his French-born wife, and a student in Paris in 1939, has been as courageous and noble a *maquisard* as any Frenchman. When this novel opens, the French war has been over for about a year. "But *nothing, nothing* is *over*," as one of his F.F.I. comrades puts it to Mitchie, "perhaps this is just the beginning for those of us who are not too tired. For a while we believed that it was over when the liberation came. We were hungry, we were maimed, we wanted to believe it. . . ."

In other words, Miss Boyle's newest book deals with the dangerous remnants of Nazi rule in France: the Gestapo men and spies left behind by the enemy to sow social discord and nihilism, the disbanded streetcorner bullies of the Darnand militia, the still prosperous *collabos* bent on whitewashing their personal records or making compromising dossiers "vanish overnight," and the reactionary beneficiaries of France's plight who would go to any length to save their holdings and, if possible, put the clock back again. In this story, that many-headed hydra is represented by a Frenchman called Pliny; and the breathless, adventurous hunt of the maquis for him constitute Miss Boyle's plot. Mitchie gets him in the end, and with him his beautiful secretary, Danielle Monet—who, as experienced readers needn't be told, has throughout the occupation posed as a *collabo,* a vain effort to save the lives of her father and brother. Thus Danielle has an axe to grind herself with the monster who is one of those who "wear suede gloves and carry canes, and others do the killing for them." Criss-crossing the landscape in his pursuit of Pliny, Mitchie has run into the girl before, and she has caused him a lot of trouble. He is prepared to put up with some more.

For short stretches, Miss Boyle's fine writing makes you forget that you are reading what, if intended as such or not, is plain melodrama. Her descriptive passages are concise, well focused, and sometimes quite beautiful. Her characters are clear and speak to the point.

The publishers of "A Frenchman Must Die" inform us that Miss Boyle gathered the background material for this book during a recent two months' stay on the continent. The one thing that is likely to astonish readers who lack similar first-hand experience is her tacit assumption that behind the activities of such Nazi sympathizers as Pliny there is more or less organized German leadership. Are we to believe that a leadership of that sort did survive the collapse of Hitler's machine? Miss Boyle shows Pliny and his unsavory crowd (some of them well enough groomed) merely from the outside. They play their villainous part. Wouldn't the author have done well to let us also peep into the minds of these scoundrels in order to show us, as she apparently wants to do, the ugly nucleus of neo-Fascism? Or does that neo-Fascism reside not only among yesterday's criminals? In short, doesn't Miss Boyle fight the literary battle of the present war—there still is a war on, no doubt—with the weapons of the last one?

I'm just asking. And the fact that a reader is tempted to ask such questions goes to show that even in writing melodrama Miss Boyle cannot be lumped in with her competitors in that field.

Last Days of the Warsaw Ghetto

THE GLORY OF ELSIE SILVER. By Louis Golding. New York: The Dial Press. 1946. 390 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

UNDER what is probably the season's most inept title, and diluted by a fictitious plot that is distinctly second-rate, this book has nevertheless for bedrock a great and thrilling story: the last-ditch battle of the Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto in 1943. It is difficult not to be impatient with Mr. Golding for having so dissipated his materials. The Elsie Silver to whose glory he seems to dedicate his novel has figured elsewhere in his work, as one of the "Five Silver Daughters," as a friend of "Mr. Emmanuel," perhaps in other ways.

She appears here as the wife of one Nazi general, mistress of another, dodging about in fear of her life when her husband has been dispatched by the hated Himmler, and hiding at last in the cellars of the Warsaw Ghetto among the people of her own faith. Her character, as well as that of her lover, Oskar, is very thinly drawn, and not all of her hysterical and self-conscious monologues, nor her constant references to an already documented past in Magnolia Street and Oleander Street, or to the famous case of Mr. Emmanuel, can make her seem significant or assume the attributes of life. This Elsie Silver is a frothy concoction, made of a lot of contemporary tag-lines.

How different is that factual half of the book which depicts for us, day by day and hour by hour, almost as though from a correspondent's cable, the death struggle of the last remaining Jews in Warsaw, in April of 1943. The organization of the Ghetto; the strata of its inhabitants: Gestapo, Jewish police, Jewish workers, and underground; the history of their piecemeal, planned destruction; the growth of their despair, and its deepening into resolution; the plan for a suicidal, emblematic battle, for the sake of the note it would strike for the world to hear; and those few tragic and exultant days in April when the German tanks came in and were driven out, when the planes flew low and blasted the last defenders out and threw their walls down upon them; all of this makes a history as heroic as Dunkirk and with elements of sublimity that that did not possess. For when he deals with the Jews of Warsaw Mr. Golding's talents come out of their wraps, and we are given a set of faces and people and circumstances that are profoundly felt.

That is why it seems so disconcerting to remember that this book is about Elsie Silver, whose brief appearance in the Ghetto is for the sake of binding up the loose ends of a melodrama about her and her Oskar. This is one book where the grim voices of the chorus quite drown out the lines of the principals. Both, of course, are Mr. Golding's work; it is because he is so good with his history that his fiction seems so inadequate. He would have had to be a great novelist, indeed, to have made Elsie Silver worthy of the glory of Warsaw.

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A Story of Local Big Shots

BRUTUS WAS AN HONORABLE MAN. By Walter Marquiss. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 338 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG

IN A novel with more social and political conscience than flesh and blood, Walter Marquiss sets up and examines that very controversial figure, the small-town big businessman, god of the community which attributes its economic growth to his enterprise, its importance to his importance, its public institutions to his philanthropy. Mr. Marquiss's examination, however, is an ironic one, and one which traces the history of a town and a country from 1899 to 1941, one which analyzes the various political trends and developments of those years, approves and condemns, and roots its theses in the lives of the individuals who move through the story and the community which he has created.

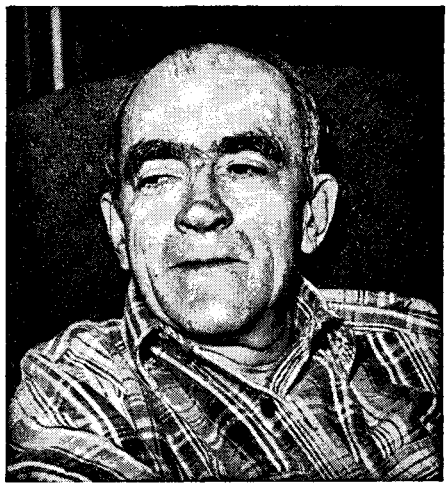
Mr. Marquiss's set-up is basically as clever as it is ironic: made up of a series of flashbacks, it begins by introducing the will of a citizen who has asked that a memorial be erected to the First Citizen of Great Bend, that is, "whoever has done the most good for the community." The choice is narrowed down to two people: A. J. Hubbard, the industrialist in the name of whose enterprises the town has grown, and Doc Quaile, his old friend and associate. A committee is set up to determine the choice, and the official report is left to a Major Whipple, an old newspaper man, who suggests that the will was made by the inscrutable Burr MacNeary (noted mainly for the phrases "Money stinks" and "All anybody cares about is money") because, in his words, "he thought it might be interesting—to have the bones of the gods examined."

What follows is precisely that: an examination of the bones of the gods. As each phase of Whipple's poker-faced report is offered, as each debt to the industrialist and the doctor is cited, it is followed by the flashback which tells the inside story of their "philanthropy"—and in these flashbacks are revealed the hypocritical, reactionary, crassly materialistic instincts which guided the gods of Great Bend. They are ruthlessly exposed in the stories which Major Whipple knows, if not in his report (which, as the product of a journalist, offers only statistics and facts of which he is certain), and we learn that behind each philanthropic deed was a man named Norfleet, obscure, uncredited, but a compassionate human being who, by virtue of a secret which he held as a club over the heads of these men, was able to force them into the acts for which they are worshipped.

Mr. Marquiss takes a sling at any number of aspects of the American political scene during the years of which he writes—at the industrialist who, by virtue of his control over local employment, is naively regarded as the benevolent savior, at the selfish, Mammon-worshipping attitudes of those who believe that money can control human relationships and solve human problems, at the insidious isolationist movement of pre-war years, the America Firsters—at all the narrow socio-political attitudes of familiar and despicable figures on the American scene. His book has a strong and fairly effective social conscience.

Yet for all the mistakes which he ironically underlines and deplores, for all the good intentions of his book, he is, as a novelist, essentially unsuccessful. His general failure may, I think, be attributed to a failure in characterization, for the numerous individuals who move through Mr. Marquiss's book are not individuals at all, but mere symbols, instruments of his theses, and hardly more than that.

Apparently quite unable to vitalize them through action and dialogue, he is forced time and time again to build them up through straight description; this is probably the weakest literary device employed in building up characters, and in Mr. Marquiss's case it proves fatal. Burr MacNeary, whose radical letters to the newspaper make him the most human and certainly the most interesting character of all, is, alas, too little known to be important.



Walter Marquiss "takes a sling at any number of aspects of the American political scene during the years from 1899 to 1941."

In the case of the other characters they have not even the advantage of such letters to give them flesh and blood; they are portrayed mainly in the author's accounts of their attitudes, do not grow at all, but remain only as ironic pointers to his conclusions.

If Mr. Marquiss really intended to write a novel and not a thesis, he would have done well, I think, in the rather impressive job which he took upon himself, to narrow down the number of issues, narrow down the number of characters, and concentrate on coördinating characters and objects of satire into a story which, by its balance and scope, would have made his pople as important and as real as the vital issues which they represented.

Old Phoenix

By Babette Deutsch

LIKE a mechanical quotidian surf
The trolleys' noise roars hoarsely, dims, and soars
To windows blank with cataract. A scurf
Of sleet offends the air. Turned out of doors,
The pinched heart freezes to a thing as brittle
As an icicle, or hardens to a mirror
That images this dirty world in little.
The old year ends in cold, in cruelty and error.

The new year will begin as cold, as cruel,
And dark with error as with winter, where
The few may find seldom, unhoped-for fuel.
But let eyes meet, looks marry, and the breast
Startles as though a fluttering fire played there,
To fold like wings, soft, soft, within that marveling nest.

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Two Kinds of War Novels

NEVER SO YOUNG AGAIN. By Dan Brennan. New York: Rinehart. 1946. 273 *pp.* $2.50.

AND THE HUNTER HOME. By Joan Charles. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 282 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
PFC. ARTHUR C. FIELDS

WITH war books becoming an increasing glut on the market, the appearance of these two volumes attracts less attention than they ordinarily would have done in the last hectic days of the war. Both are adequate stories, but each represents the exact opposite technique in presentation. "Never So Young Again" is a story of one of those brutal personal experiences that has been exemplified by such books as "The Long November" and "Beach Red," whereas "And the Hunter Home" is a stultified, psychological treatise, almost tripping over itself in the author's desire to get the right words down.

John Steinbeck once wrote in a column of his that the great war books would be written by this generation after it had had a chance to think things over. Both these books evidence a lack of having been thought over. The problem with which any writer of a war book is faced is either making it of mere anecdotal importance (in which case he does not contribute to a lasting picture of the war) or stressing the philosophy on the effects of the war, to a degree where incidental importance is forgotten against the far-reaching aims he tries to attain.

"Never So Young Again" is a story of an American who joins the RCAF. In its portrayal of the bombing operations, the book paints a vivid picture of the monotony that increases with each mission until it reaches up and engulfs the participants. Mack, the hero, is like any ordinary gunner; he had a couple of casual acquaintances and a few girl friends in the States. As in all these stories he rapidly forms an attachment with a girl whom he meets in a London blackout.

The plot is simple and repetitious. Mack is constantly finding himself the sole survivor of an increasing number of plane wrecks. The first crew cracks up at take-off; the next is shot down on a bombing mission. Then, one by one, his friends fail to return from their assigned flights, and within this framework of hopelessness, there comes the realization that some day his number must turn up—that some day he, too, will not return.

Books like these are intense emotional experiences. For those who have had to fight through these continued "ops" it rings true, for it is an honest picture, carefully and vividly portrayed. But the unending monotony that the author depicts eventually leads to the downfall of the book.

In direct contrast, "And the Hunter Home" is flat, burdensome, and completely without action. Dealing with the returning veteran, the book becomes a heavy psychological effort, striving to analyze every action that motivates a mother, an aunt, a girl-friend, a sister, and a prospective father-in-law. Somewhere people have picked up the idea that the transformation from "son" to "returned veteran" is so great that past interests, friends, and endeavors must be completely forgotten and that only radical change will satisfy the new, brutal mind. But not all men have experienced the tortures of the damned—even though they might have you think so. And in Miss Charles's book (even though the hero has escaped from a Jap prison camp) the returned veteran seems to be a pretty normal fellow, although that picture is merely implied in page after page of speculative discussion.

Both books, treated separately, make for fairly worthwhile reading. Treated together, they make an interesting study of two of the extremes the public is faced with in war books. "Never So Young Again" is one of many experiences of Macks, Joes, and Jims in this war. It is their story, told by them, and experienced by them. For them there is no more important story of the war. Then there is the other side, books like "And The Hunter Home," that generalize, that moralize, and that try to point to the solution of post-war issues. Both serve important functions, but both are going to be faced with increasingly exacting observations: the public is becoming more and more intolerant of war books and unless the writers can offer something out of the ordinary—something that has not yet been written—it would be better if they did not write at all.

The Life and Death of Jim Bowie

TEMPERED BLADE. By Monte Barrett. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1946. 317 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

JIM BOWIE has gone down in legend as a savage knife fighter whose enthusiasm in performing eviscerations and sections on his fellow man led him to invent a special knife for the purpose. Mr. Barrett will have none of the legend in this robust and rounded novel. According to him, Jim cut his finger on his knife while hunting and his older brother, Rezin, suggested the guard on the knife. For the rest, Bowie had a healthy respect for his own skin, and since he traveled in rough places—among Lafitte's pirates, on the Indian frontier, in the newly settling state of Texas—he was compelled to use his knife frequently. Since his technique was the economical upstroke, it was merely circumstance that usually made his use of his favorite weapon conclusive.

Jim's first love was the daughter of a po' white Louisiana planter, but on her first trip to New Orleans, as her father's assistant on a logging raft, Sybil fell an easy victim to the splendors of a fencing teacher. The decency of the teacher's friend got her a marriage, one which the fencer regretted vehemently when he discovered that his bayou innocent was soundly with child.

For his part, Jim decided that women were definitely no good, with the exceptions of his mother and his brother's wife, and set out to make as much money as possible so that he could have his choice of the frail creatures. His first great fortune was made as a broker of Lafitte's slaves. The trade was illegal but Jim had a way to beat it; he bought slaves at $140 from the famous pirate in Campeachy and landed them in Louisi-

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ana. Then he discovered them and informed the authorities, who auctioned the slaves at eight hundred dollars and up and gave Bowie his informer's half.

Bowie took the comfortable fortune from this trade and began to work west, using his frontiersman experience to develop great rich plantations beyond settlement. This brought him more fortunes till at last the only adventure, sufficiently expansive, that was left for him was Mexican Texas.

Here he found that stories of his Indian fights and personal duels had preceded him and he was received in San Antonio in all honor. He was startled to find that he had been in numbers of encounters that he had never heard about and that the Bowie knife, from being an innocent hunting weapon, had now become a standard fighting blade. A cutlery clerk compared Jim's knife with a "genuine Bowie knife" made in Birmingham, England, and said that Jim's was a good imitation.

This fame, little as he desired it, at least earned him Ursula, the lovely daughter of one of the principal Mexican families. Jim spread his holdings to hundreds of thousands of acres, forgot Sybil in large part, raised two children and prospered, till the differences between the Yankee settlers and the Mexicans drew to a head. The Yankees were aggressive and contemptuous, the Mexicans resentful, and old limping Santa Anna determined to enforce the last sentence of his dictatorship on these unwelcome Northern invaders.

Bowie and his substantial party were anxious to compromise the differences, but there was no disposition for such compromise on either side. The Yankees were quite certain that a handful of them could whip Santa Anna's whole army—a notion which was very nearly proved somewhat later at San Jacinto—and Santa Anna had the benevolent notion of killing most of the Yankees and driving the rest back into Louisiana.

Sybil arrived about this time, married to one of Bowie's best friends, to oppose every proposition Jim brought up; Ursula was an intolerable affront to her. Finally, the whole story is resolved at the Alamo —a very fine sketch of that siege and battle—and Sybil is left with nothing but a collection of rich plantations which are not worth much to her.

The story seems to be historically authentic as far as the high spots are concerned, but that is of secondary importance—it is a first-rate novel and better than that.

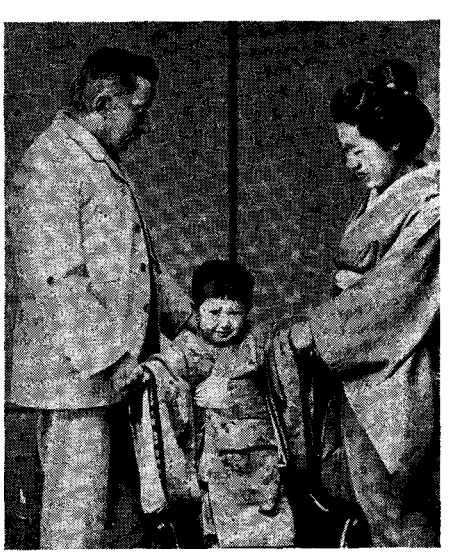
Blind in One Eye

LAFCADIO HEARN. By Vera McWilliams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 44 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

EVER since Lafcadio Hearn's death in 1904 there has been a continued search for material to complete the portrait of this exotic and sensitive writer. It is ironical that the first completely two-dimensional study of Hearn should appear at a time when the country that he adopted and loved has been defeated and occupied by the armed forces of America. It is unfortunate that Vera McWilliams's biography has come too late to revive a wide interest in the man or his work, for only a few of the young people of today know his name or have ever looked into a single one of his many books. Hearn has been an almost legendary figure, so that Jean Temple, the author of a sensitive and intentionally unscholarly biography fifteen years ago, called her book "Blue Ghost." Indeed, the ghost of the tortured little man with one protruding and blind eye, who was baptized Patricio Lafcadio Tessima Carlos Hearn, has hovered over many cities and countries — the Greek island where he was born, Ireland, Paris, Cincinnati, New Orleans, the West Indies, and Japan. It would now appear that in this latest book we have about all of him that will ever be found, a tragic human being patched together from reminiscences, diaries, letters, newspapers, literary essays, translations, and his own writings.

There has never been any real controversy about the work of Lafcadio Hearn that was not based on the differences between those who loved and those who hated him. He had a way of making some people fiercely protective toward him and of rasping the nerves of others who recognized his genius but could not endure the man.



"His sympathy toward Japan helped to blind the aggressive West toward the increasing menace of the people of the rising sun." Lafcadio Hearn, his Japanese wife, and son Kazuo Koizumi.

We are insistent today in trying to discover not only what a man accomplished but the springs that moved him to become what he was. Vera McWilliams's faithful recital of Hearn's life from conception to his death still leaves him a mystery. Why should any boy or man, gifted with the mental resources to create beauty, have been so wretched for nearly all of his existence? Why should he have acted like an imp of Satan in the Irish and very Catholic household of his father's relatives in Ireland? Why should he have married his colored mistress in Cincinnati; why should he have infuriated his earnest and admiring publishers? A biographer who was even an amateur psychoanalyst might have made a stab at giving Hearn another dimension and have thus created a solid object for one's examination. Lafcadio Hearn chose to wear a hair shirt almost all of his life until he tore it off for the sensuous Japanese kimono ten years or so before he died. His once beautiful Maltese mother, who was left with her scrawny child to the mercies of foggy Dublin and a religion and language she could not understand, lost her mind and left the boy with dismal and terrifying recollections. His myopic eyes saw the actual world so dimly that he was cut off from the reality of the tempestuous Celtic natures around him. He was handed over finally to his father's wealthy aunt, who would have made him her heir had he not seemed to her ungrateful and wicked.

Mrs. Brenane was a Catholic zealot who regarded his passionate interest in a collection of books on Oriental and classical religion and art he had found as an evidence of original sin. She took them away from him and gave them back, mutilated, with trousers, skirts, or briefer drawers crudely inked over the central portions of Greek, Chinese, and Indian gods and goddesses. At that moment a hatred of Christian saints and Christian prudery and the romantic attraction for the Orient that finally lured him to Japan were born in him. When his great-aunt died, leaving him penniless and without a soul who cared whether he lived or died, the damage was done. He had to be a rebel, unconventional, exotic, to use a

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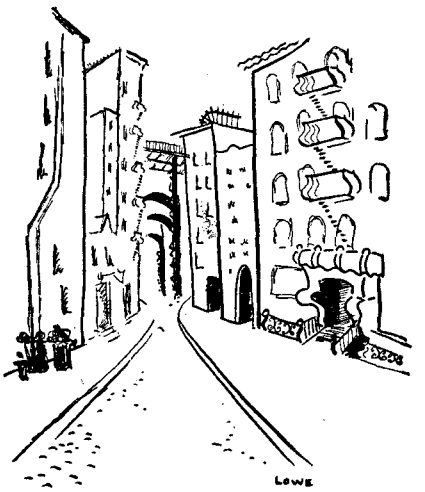
term always applied to him, for the rest of his days in the Western world. Add to this his screaming terrors when he was shut up in a black room at night, the imprint on his sensuous nature of his brief adolescent acquaintance with the Latin Quarter in Paris, to which he had escaped from a Catholic French school, and you have the makings of Lafcadio Hearn, uneasy world-wanderer, creator of exquisite prose and of the most startling and florid journalism that America, up to that time, had ever read.

Like Poe and many another genius who has struggled to create literature in this country, he was born at the wrong time. Cincinnati, or even New Orleans, toward which his romanticism drew him, offered no ground in the seventies and the eighties to so sensitive a human plant. By the time he was thirty he knew all of the sordidness and ugliness of extreme poverty in the ruthless and expanding cities on the Ohio and the Mississippi. He was one of the first to recognize the poetic qualities of Negro speech and song as they were colored by the linguistic inheritance of the French Creoles. When *Harper's* sent him to the West Indies, Hearn's opportunity to reveal his stylistic and imaginative gifts had come. He did not need any longer to write lurid newspaper stories or articles on New Orleans cooking. In spite of the difficulty of keeping friends who were always being affronted by his apparently outrageous behavior (like Henry Krehbiel, the music critic, whose wife could not endure him, or Dr. Milbray, a literary oculist who turned from worshipful admiration to rancorous hatred), there were by this time a small coterie of critics and literary folk who regarded him as an odd and prickly genius. When he finally left for Japan, commissioned by the long-suffering editor of *Harper's*, he had become a kind of romantic legend among the writers and publishers whose lives were properly regulated.

It was typical of Hearn that he quarrelled with *Harper's* before he arrived in Japan. His employment as a teacher in a school at Matsue enabled him to cut off his financial dependence on New York. His marriage to a well-born Japanese girl of twenty-two gave him a physical tranquillity he had never known before. He could begin his real life task, the interpretation of the Orient and especially of Japan to the West, which still conceived of the Nipponese as they were represented in an opera, "Madame Butterfly," and an operetta, "The Mikado." The natural politeness of the Japanese, the reverence with which they treated a foreign professor who wore their costume and became a citizen of their country, soothed for the first time Hearn's inveterate awkwardness and sense of inferiority; his gaucheries, his blind eye, his small stature no longer mattered among these exquisite little people. When he became absorbed in his studies of Buddhism and busy with his lucid and eloquent lectures on English literature, his soul was at rest.



Since the war it is the habit of readers of his "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" or his "Japan; An Attempt at Interpretation" to discover that Hearn appreciated the dangers to the world that were hidden in the Japanese way of life, their mentality, and their Emperor worship. There are a few passages, particularly in the latter book, which show that Hearn, who had seen symptoms of their antagonism toward the West during the war with Russia, realized the dreadful fate toward which the country was heading. But there are only a few of these prophetic moments in his work, and it is obvious that his sympathy for Japan, his presentation of its people as an exotic, virtuous, and artistic race, helped, more than the work of any other man, to blind the aggressive West toward the increasing menace of the people of the rising sun; for was not Lafcadio Hearn blind in one eye?

A Connecticut Childhood

THE LOST LANDSCAPE. By Winifred Welles. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1946. 299 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

WHEN Winifred Welles died in 1939, there was lost not only a fine and sensitive poet but a prose writer of great charm and distinction. This posthumous book, her only adult prose work (she had written, I believe, two books for children in addition to her five volumes of exquisite verse), is partly a recollection of her own childhood and partly the recreation of an earlier time—stories of those forebears whose relics and memories were so carefully and lovingly preserved in the attic of the old house in Norwich Town, Connecticut. Hers was a particularly fortunate and idyllic New England childhood at the turn of the century—the comfortable wide house, the meadows, and the friendly graveyards "where a child need fear nothing from those who lay so quietly and patiently beneath his scuffling feet," the sleigh bells on frosty mornings, the Decoration Day parades which "marched up to the Soldiers Monument in the Park where everyone sat on benches eating peanuts and drinking root beer out of bottles and listening to the speeches and the music," fishballs for Sunday breakfast and the starched and immaculate procession to church, the school "conducted" by two maiden ladies of Norwich Town—"Miss Cynthia Lucas, who must have been the original pattern from which all New England schoolteachers were cut," and Miss Arabella Lucas, the younger sister, "shorter, gentler and vaguer."

And there was the attic, which, "like a family memory book, had a keepsake for everybody." In the attic, she tells us, "history shrank, but the lives as I came upon them seemed distinct and important, each in its own right. The place was so cluttered that it took my mind no longer to dart across the decades, even from war to war, than it took my eyes to glance from the Union soldier's sword to the cedar-lined medicine chest which had belonged to the Revolutionary doctor." Here in the attic was the Chinese porcelain vase which had been filled with family silver and buried when the British burned New London in 1781. Here were the letters written by the boy who was killed in the Civil War, with them a bullet and his mother's note, in her delicate Victorian hand, "the Minnie Ball that killed my son." Here was the powder horn engraved "Doct. Jonathan Adgate, His Horn, Fort Edward, Sept. 29, 1758." To the dreamy, sensitive child the people whose possessions these had been were still alive; to the woman she grew up to be, so rich in memory and imagination, they continued real and vital.

In part two of the book the author re-creates the lives and times of these ancestors. There is the complete story of great-great-great-grandfather Jon-

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athan Adgate, surgeon of three wars, whose life began "mildly enough in Norwich Town in 1740 and ended in New York City in 1815 in a rage." They were tumultuous years, and Dr. Adgate was a tumultuous and fiery man, given to writing letters to Presidents Jefferson and Madison, full of grievances both just and imagined. And she tells the moving and poignant story of Philip Hoyt, who fell at Antietam, and the story of the Englishwoman ancestress, Philip's mother, who remarked wearily once that she was "not a Turner, nor an Adgate, nor a Saltonstall, but just plain Elizabeth Dodd, from Oxon, England." And there is the story of Mary Hoyt, who was Mother, and how she was swept off her feet on fashionable Block Island by the handsome and fascinating John Hale, which is a masterpiece of nostalgic and tender romance as well as of gentle humor.

And so the last portion of the book comes around again to the author's own childhood, and leaves her at the age of thirteen, among her family and her neighbors; a scene and dramatis personae described with the poet's eye for the graphic and telling detail and the ability to capture atmosphere and personality. "The Lost Landscape" is a beautifully written book, a work of memory and imagination, an autobiography and an album of stored tradition. It is a book to be cherished and returned to, as a picture of a time which is the heritage of all who love the American past—a landscape which will not be lost so long as there are writers like Winifred Welles to hold it fast.

Or Else

IN THE NAME OF SANITY. By Raymond Swing. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1946. 116 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by JERRY VOORHIS

"SANITY," according to Mr. Swing, "is the capacity to adjust oneself immediately to reality." The great reality is the presence of atomic bombs in a world of nations that still insist on their "sovereign right" to make war. The adjustment, according to the central and often emphasized theme of this book, must be the creation of a world government to which that "sovereign right" would be subordinated.

In this short volume Mr. Swing has packed most of what the average citizen needs to know about the greatest problem that has faced man since he first appeared upon this earth. There is no attempt to conceal the fact that the book is a crusading one, or to sugar-coat the message it carries. The author places the cold and fearsome truth bluntly before us and bids us make a great decision.

But the book does not leave the reader with a feeling of panic or hopelessness as so many writings on this subject do. One gets the impression that the author retains a robust faith that man can conquer even this problem, and there is sufficient emphasis on moral issues to enable one to put the book down with a feeling that "after all it will be worthwhile to have tried to do the right thing, whatever the consequences may be."

The book consists of twenty-two very short chapters adapted from the author's weekly radio broadcasts on atomic energy. Probably for this reason there is considerable repetition, and the development of the subject is not always as logical as it might have been. Nonetheless, here is a most helpful and challenging handbook for the bewildered citizen.

Swing has packed the facts about atomic energy between the covers of his book. He has told with dramatic effect the story of how the bomb was first conceived and how it was produced. He offers no criticism of those in our government, headed by President Roosevelt himself, who undertook the great two billion dollar adventure for the production of the atomic bomb as a means of protecting the Allies against the possibility of its development by the Axis powers. He portrays the changed attitude of the scientists and gives full weight to the importance of their earnest if somewhat belated assumption of responsibility for the social consequences of their discoveries.

"World government is the alternative to world suicide," says Raymond Swing.

Mr. Swing tells us the truth about the so-called "secret" of the bomb by informing us that no such secret exists. He does the same thing with regard to alleged defenses against atomic bomb attack. He does not attempt to relieve our consciences any when he talks about the effects of radioactivity upon the people of the bombed Japanese cities. As for "national sovereignty," he points out with clarity and force that in the atomic age it has become nothing short of a positive atavistic danger to the chance of humanity for survival. There are accurate if none too complimentary pictures of the lumbering figure of General Groves; a penetrating analysis of the "most ominous" May-Johnson Bill with its possibility of placing the power to "dominate the country" in the hands of nine dollar-a-year men; a spirited and convincing defense of the author's appeal to justifiable fear as a motive force for the abolition of war.

One of the most dramatic passages consists of four sentences:

> But future wars will be wholly lost by both sides. Furthermore future wars will not be waged soldier against soldier, but scientist and engineer versus civilian. Indeed military wars appear to be over. All wars are to be against man, woman, and child in their homes or their places of work.

The author would use and develop the United Nations Organization to the utmost for the establishment of peace, but frankly doubts that in its present form it can be made effective for that purpose. He tells us that certain immediate steps are necessary, that at once the United States should "announce that we will not use the atomic bomb against any country except under instructions from the World Security Council." The author sees clearly that we cannot turn over either atomic bombs or the knowledge of how to make them to individual nations or groups of nations under present circumstances. But he sets before us the task of the ages and proves his case that nothing but the accomplishment of that great task can meet the crisis.

The choice in a world containing released atomic energy is between a way of life and a way of death, according to Mr. Swing. World government is the alternative to world suicide. The United States has its choice of the risk of being outvoted in a world government or the virtual certainty of someday being devastated by atomic bombs.

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Dewey's Bulldog

EDUCATION FOR MODERN MAN. By Sidney Hook. New York: The Dial Press. 1946. 237 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ERIC BENTLEY

IF T. H. Huxley was "Darwin's bulldog," Mr. Sidney Hook is John Dewey's. Huxley and Mr. Hook can write; their masters can't. Huxley and Mr. Hook are combative, not to say aggressive; their masters are slow to anger, anxious to keep out of the public eye. It was Huxley's task, therefore, to champion Darwinism, and today it is Mr. Hook's to champion Deweyism.

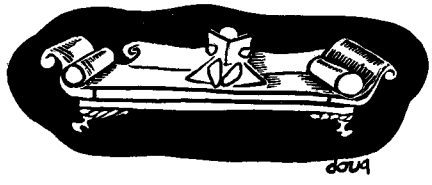
A month or two ago I was complaining in these columns that John Dewey had been made a bogeyman by Mr. Norman Foerster. Whether Mr. Hook provides the right antidote is not so sure, however, for he too has his bogeyman. Of course he is a more complicated case than Mr. Foerster. The latter is a rightist who blames everything on the left. Mr. Hook is a centrist who hits out in both directions. He has *two* bogeymen—Hutchins and Stalin, Thomism and Marxism, supernaturalism and Communism.

Now I have no right to deplore the fact that Mr. Hook disagrees with the one school or the other. Which of us has not often disagreed with both of them? What I deplore is that when Mr. Hook hears of either he reaches for his revolver. Before (so to speak) you have been arguing with him two minutes he has proved conclusively either that you are going soft with religion ("the new failure of nerve") or that you are—you are—you know you are—an agent of Stalin. Mr. Hook might reply—for he is a professional logician—that if his proofs are really conclusive we should accept them willy-nilly. Unfortunately, though, we are human. We do not like to be *bullied* into the truth even by professional logicians. As philosopher Mr. Hook has learnt how to demonstrate. As polemicist he has learnt how to fight and win. But as a writer with readers quite disposed to listen to him he has not learnt to persuade. His polemical performances seem calculated chiefly to please those who already agree. And the crowning irony is that, while *his* tone is harsh and bossy, Mr. Hook is asking us to be tentative, rational, tolerant, and humane. One wonders if a teacher's violence of temper may not be as coercive and restrictive in its way as the legal and "totalitarian" restraints Mr. Hook dreads.

I stress the unattractiveness of "Education for Modern Man" because I want it to be admitted, taken for granted, so that no one need be taken aback by it, prevented by it from reading a remarkable book. I would like many of Mr. Hook's ideas to get into the heads of my more conservative colleagues and students; but unless I warn them not to be put off by his manner I fear they will never get past page ten. And this will be a disaster. For beyond page ten lies a most penetrating study of education, a most powerful defence of the Deweyite position. Mr. Hook even gets down to brass tacks. Gigantic as it is, the whole contemporary literature of educational reform has probably no better-balanced statements than his on vocational training, the elective system, the relative importance of various subject-matters. Which is more important, Homer or Heidegger, Marathon or Remagen, the feudal system or the soviet system? Wise enough to know that these questions cannot be answered flatly one way or the other, Mr. Hook goes one better than St. John's College and one better than the political dilettantes and philistine littérateurs who feed their students exclusively on the local newspaper or latest best seller.

To my taste Mr. Hook's best chapter is "The Centrality of Method." His point here is that science is a matter of method, not simply of subject matter; that scientific method is not to be identified solely with the procedures of physics or mathematics; that "critical" method in literature and history is "scientific" or it is nothing; that we therefore ought not to think of the spread of science as the menace of scientism but as the development and education of man. An old point of Dewey's. And one that must be reiterated until understood.

Among other things "Education for Modern Man" is a confession of faith and even an *apologia pro vita sua.* Mr. Hook, who under a different dispensation—perhaps even in England—might have been prominent in politics, is explaining to us why he is a professor at New York University. At a time when the academic profession is suffering acutely from lack of self-respect, Mr. Hook reminds us that, after all, the training of the younger generation is not only a respectable but a great undertaking.



"If a resolute beginning is made by those who educate and select teachers," says Mr. Hook, "in time the community will discover that a new spirit and morale is abroad in the teaching profession. It will discover that a good teacher is a *dedicated* person, strong in his faith in what he is doing and worthy not only of honor in a democracy but of a place in its councils." The element of self-portraiture here is very acceptable. For Mr. Hook is a genuinely dedicated person, a teacher of rare vigor and rarer brainpower, a thinker who has unremittingly tried to unify the theory and practice of American democracy.

There are a thousand things in "Education for Modern Man" to take issue with. Had I more space I would, for instance, criticize Mr. Hook for saying so little to us of the big state universities where the trouble is not Thomism or Communism but one or two of the seven deadly sins. Suffice it for the present that Mr. Hook has given a valuable presentation of a whole outlook. If to Dewey philosophy is a "general theory of education," to Mr. Hook education is a general theory of philosophy, a general theory of living. That is why his book on education has so wide a field of relevance. Those who enjoy the human individual will like "Education for Modern Man" all the more for its crotchets and aggressions, its petulance and its boyish earnestness. And even severe impersonalists will have to admit that Mr. Hook has the qualities of his defects.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 148

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 148 will be found in the next issue.

FBLKGPF GBACMDHMAGMC

PXM NRM CGPXMGXBEC BW

WBBFC PAO NRM TMPGBAC

BW EKCM ZMA.

NRBZPC RHSFMQ—PAKZPF

PHNBZPNKCZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 147

Nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.

—Joseph Shorthouse

—*John Inglesant*

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92 Years Before MacArthur

BLACK SHIPS OFF JAPAN: The Story of Commodore Perry's Expedition. By Arthur Walworth. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 278 pp. $3.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE K. ROSINGER

IT IS now almost a century since the United States forced open the door of a secluded Japan by sending Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry into Tokyo Bay with a naval squadron. This visit—so often misinterpreted as a "good will mission," although not by Mr. Walworth—provided a martial overture for the clash of purposes, ideas, and arms which ultimately resulted in Japan's formal surrender aboard the American battleship *Missouri* in September 1945.

A volume on the Perry mission could hardly have appeared at a more appropriate time, for the problems of tactics faced by Perry—to judge Japanese psychology correctly, to avoid pitfalls arising from unfamiliarity with Japanese ways, and to win his objectives without loss of life—will inevitably remind the reader of some of General MacArthur's tasks in the past few months. Specific incidents, such as the landing of American troops despite the possibility of a trap, or character traits, like the fondness of both Perry and MacArthur for "a good show" with themselves squarely in the center of the stage, will all spring to mind. Yet the differences between the two missions are more important than the similarities, and the author has wisely left it to the reader to make his own comparisons.

In fact, the whole of "Black Ships Off Japan" is marked by restraint in the presentation of the evidence. The scholarliness of the research is supplemented by a brief introduction by Sir George Sansom, as well as by the appendices which include the texts of relevant documents. Mr. Walworth's scholarship, however, contains no trace of the academic, for his style is always lively, and he has not allowed the comic and bizarre to lie buried in his research notes.

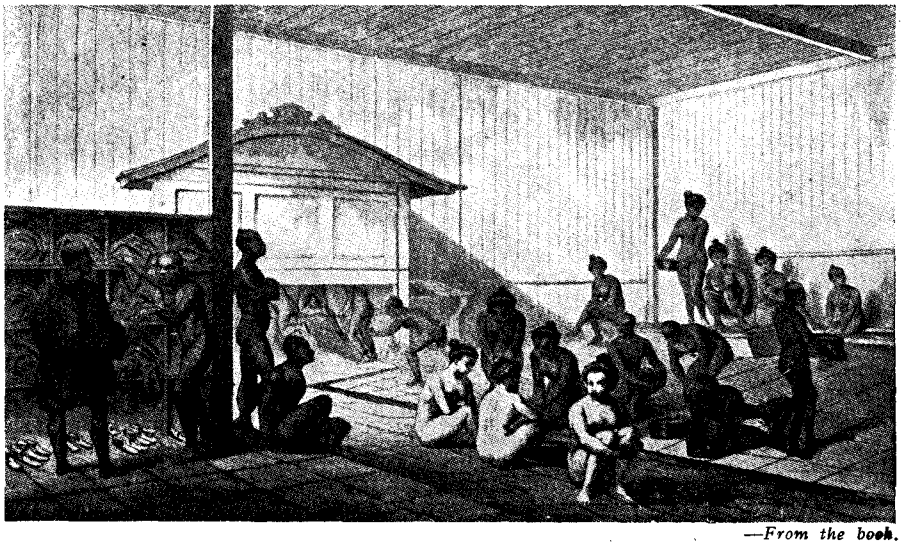
The author greatly admires Perry as the successful executor of a difficult mission, but takes pains to point out his defects of personality. A picture emerges of a stubborn man, devoted to his own success and the glory of the Navy; a shrewd diplomat skilled in bluff, but willing to use force if necessary to gain his ends; a careful and intelligent planner of the expedition to Japan; and an early exponent of America's "destiny" as a Pacific power.

Mr. Walworth sees Perry's mission, quite correctly, as a reflection of the economic, political, and intellectual currents of the day. He analyzes succinctly the Japan at whose door Perry knocked and indicates that the Japanese were already well on the way toward opening the door themselves. He also explores the Japanese reaction to Perry's negotiations, so that events are not presented solely from the viewpoint of the American participants. Yet, in this reviewer's judgment, he fails to appreciate the full significance of Perry's methods, and those of the West as a whole, in influencing the development of Japan.

He declares, for example: "By nature the Commodore was no imperialist. His Quaker blood would not permit him to conquer for sheer love of power." But if conquest "for sheer love of power" is the correct definition of imperialism, then many, if not most, of our modern empire-builders have not been imperialists, and the word loses all meaning. As the author himself relates, Perry proposed that the United States seize and fortify the Bonin and Ryukyu Islands, acted with marked high-handedness in dealing with the Ryukyu authorities, and, when the Japanese granted everything requested by President Fillmore, went beyond his instructions to press for new concessions. He would almost certainly have gone even further, had he not been accountable to a cautious administration in Washington.

The author's overall view of Perry's policies is reflected in some of his conclusions about Japan. He declares, with evident disappointment, that the early "impact of democracy on Japan's political thinking" was "unfruitful" and adds, with reference to the Imperial Restoration of 1868: "Liberty—as dispensed by Perry, Harris, and the other early American visitors—had not enlightened Japan!" But it is difficult to understand how these contacts with the United States could have constituted an education in democracy or liberty, even if the Japanese, who were in the process of emerging from feudalism, had been prepared for such concepts. Perry's behavior, for example, was studiously unbending, especially since he had decided that this approach was necessary for success with Japanese officialdom, and the demands he made were presented almost literally in the shadow of his eight-inch guns. The point at issue, however, is not whether he might have achieved his purposes by more conciliatory means. All that passed over the dam long ago. The hard historical fact which remains is that Japan's early contacts were with Western military might, not with Western democracy, and that under the circumstances the characteristics of militarism, so powerful and pervasive, were reinforced. To put the matter briefly, one might say that while Japan created its own militarism, the tendency was strengthened by Japanese-Western relations of the mid-nineteenth century.

These larger considerations, however, should not obscure the virtues of "Black Ships Off Japan" as a vivid, useful analysis of a historical episode. The result is a book filled with interesting detail, but not overcrowded; fascinating, but not fictional; thoroughgoing, but not too long. Not least important, it will contribute to an understanding of the background of our Far Eastern policy—a policy which has deep roots.



—*From the book.*

Japanese bath house a century ago.

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The Ten Commandments Up to Date

FOUNDATIONS FOR RECONSTRUCTION. By Elton Trueblood. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 109 pp. $1.

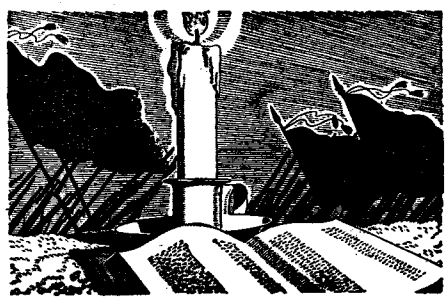
Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

ELTON TRUEBLOOD, professor of philosophy at Earlham College and editor of a Quaker periodical, has written an effective tract on the moral and religious foundations for a reconstructed postwar world. Successfully avoiding the danger of treating the theme on the level of mere pious and conventional talk, or of merely sermonizing against sin, he has formulated principles of moral action in so arresting a way that one can, in good conscience, recommend his little book to all persons seriously concerned with the quest for positive moral guidance in this hour of confusion and despair. Although what he says has in part been said by Reinhold Niebuhr, Aldous Huxley, John Dewey, and others, Trueblood's formulations throw on the problems light from a mind that is serious, honest, courageous, sensitive —qualities that lead to an expression which, even if not novel, is challenging.

Since there is no technological defense against the atomic bomb, our only hope, says Trueblood, lies in a world organization. "But since the world organization is dependent upon the trustworthiness of those concerned, the ultimate question is ethical rather than merely scientific or even political. The only answer to atomic power is moral power." The same point was made recently by Niebuhr. World government is imperative, but if it is to be something radically different from UNO, it must be the expression of the moral will and intelligence of the peoples of the world. A moral creed must penetrate and possess the minds and hearts of people everywhere: only moral power can confine atomic power and direct it to uses which will further the interests of peace, justice, security, freedom.

What are the constituents of this moral creed? Trueblood, reinterpreting the Ten Commandments, says that the cornerstone of the faith must be the mandate "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." There must be the recognition that there is something higher than the state or nation, a conviction which will give men courage to refuse obedience of a tyrant's orders. Just as Elijah was able to rebuke, scorn, and condemn King Ahab for robbing Naboth of his vineyard and life, because Elijah spoke in the name of something that even the king acknowledged as superior to government, so today men must proceed on the principle that morals are not mere rules of prudential conduct; they must recognize that morals are rooted in the will and wishes of God which no one, no king, no government, can unsettle or repeal.

The commandment against graven images is interpreted as positing "the necessity of intolerance." One faith is not as good as another. We must



always face the question which faith we shall prize and foster. Once this question has been answered, we must eschew "the fashionable and patronizing tolerance of our generation" and shatter the idols. This commandment is linked with the prohibition against taking God's name in vain. We must recover a sense of urgency. A religion of lip-service, lacking a sense of conviction and urgency, must be replaced by a faith frankly and unashamedly missionary and evangelical.

Sabbath observance points to the need of institutionalized religion. While it is true that church people have been no better than those who have kept away from churches, the fact remains that the churches and synagogues help keep alive the moral and religious principles which make a decent world possible. "The man who goes horseback riding on Sunday morning, instead of attending church, may be quite as self-centered as the man kneeling at the communion rail, but with this enormous difference, that he is unaware of it and consequently doing little or nothing about it." This ties in with the commandment to honor one's parents, which means respect for one's inheritance. Perfectionists who say we should make a clean break with the past and wipe out all sects, all differences, in the name of an abstract church or other organization, are, like all other abstractionists and utopians, really enemies of the concrete good.

The commandment against murder points to the fact that the real sin lies not in the act of killing, but in the hatred found in the heart of the murderer. Not life, but personality, is sacred; for life under certain conditions may be worse than death, and death may be preferred to life. Like the law against murder, the law against adultery rests on the sacredness of the human personality. It is a sin not because of the act itself but because tolerance of adultery makes the achievement of fidelity, a great need of the human personality, impossible. So, too, with the law against theft: it protects the weak against the strong. Without this law a man would not have the opportunity to provide for his family the food, privacy, health, and education which they, as human personalities, require. "Stealing is evil because ownership is good."

In connection with the commandment against bearing false witness, Trueblood makes the observation that our respect for the scientific method has fostered in us a great respect for impersonal facts, but we are still largely indifferent to the lies we tell about persons. "We are more careful in what we say about atoms than we are in what we say about men." This difference in attitude should not exist, for truth-telling is important "not because of loyalty to the things about which we tell, but because of the persons to whom we tell."

Finally, in an interesting chapter on coveting what is the neighbor's, the author points out that all men are potentially corrupt—rulers as well as the ruled. This means that we must have checks and balances which will hem in the governors who covet more possessions and more power. Democracy is the best system because it means a system of checks upon the ruler and the ruled. Democracy is the only alternative to injustice and oppression.

It is obvious that Professor Trueblood's insights into the meanings of the Ten Commandments are themselves open to reinterpretation and other persons' insights. Some will see the cogency of Trueblood's thoughts in terms of a heavier emphasis on naturalism, or in terms of an emphasis on the presuppositions underlying John Dewey's "A Common Faith." Professor Trueblood should not object to such translations or reinterpretations, for he wrote this little book believing in the potency of the inner light, knowing that there can be no sense of urgency, no "cultivation of the uneasy conscience," unless the truth, whatever that be, is first passed through the alembic of man. This little book should certainly quicken the reader's own inner light.

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Strange Bedfellows

THE DUNGEON DEMOCRACY. By Christopher Burney. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pierce. 1946. xi + 164 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THIS book is poorly written. It shows many signs of incomplete information, historical and otherwise. Surely some readers will also be annoyed by what they are not unlikely to call the British condescension of its author. Yet "The Dungeon Democracy"—a book "at once wise and ignorant," as Rebecca West has called it—is one of the most important, if one of the most saddening, post-Hitler publications.

Its author is a young—probably very young—English army officer who was captured, it appears, while working with the French underground, and spent fifteen months in Buchenwald. The picture he draws of the exterior life of a concentration camp adds little to what the Western world has finally been taught to accept as truth: that unique combination of modernity and prehistoric savagery set up by the Nazi government (a) in the service of *Schrecklichkeit* as a political instrument, and (b) for the fun of it. Talking of modern scientific *Kultur*, Mr. Burney presents us, among others, with this miniature:

> Later the activities of the station [the *Hygiene-Institut der Waffen S.S.*] were extended to include research in antidotes to phosphorus burns, where prisoners were burned with phosphorus (without anesthetic, of course) and treated without result . . .

Turning to fun, he volunteers the following twentieth-century *image de moeurs:*

> [The wife of the Commandant, S.S.-Sturmbannführer Koch] saw in the camp a stallion stud which could serve her lust, and made a habit of taking her morning walk inside the electric fence, where she would cast her eye around until it lighted upon a likely specimen. She would take his number, and he would receive an order to report to the Commandant's house in the evening. Such unfortunates had only one further destination—the crematorium.
>
> Frau Koch was also the amateur of tattooed skins. Inspections were held at the hospital, the more noteworthy chests and arms put to one side, and the owners killed and skinned. The skins were then submitted to her and she chose which she liked and ordered them to be made up.

However, such details are no longer news. They were news about a year ago. They could have been news in 1934, for at that time the first concentration camp graduates reached the non-German world. The memory of the disbelief they encountered somewhat overshadows the expression of Mr. Burney's righteous pride in common decency as the governing force of British, or for that matter Anglo-Saxon, standards which he voices in the last chapter of his book.

But this is a mere appendix. The bulk of "The Dungeon Democracy" deals with an aspect of Buchenwald's domestic affairs which has thus far been unknown. It all but destroys the myth of anything resembling a comradely spirit prevailing among concentration camp inmates. True, theirs was an unspeakable habitat, a "world apart"—and it would, to quote the author, be "indelicate to tax a man openly with his actions in the camp and prejudice his [new] start." Yet if Mr. Burney's bitter report was intended to have a meaning beyond mere reportage—and its last pages prove that it was—it is precisely an application of his experiences to the world outside of Buchenwald.

Buchenwald was run on a commercial basis of a sort, supplying the plants and quarries of the neighborhood with manpower. The commandant had a share in the proceeds of the slave labor. Soon the task of policing that multi-national crowd became too onerous for the S.S. guards. They turned parts of their duties over to prisoners. They first picked their deputies from the reservoir of common criminals, the oldest and indeed original group of concentration camp inmates. But while these individuals were, of course, fit to satisfy the appetite of their S.S. masters for a continuous spectacle of murder and torture, they were entirely unable to solve the problems of manpower and make discipline work profitably and smoothly. Therefore the administration began to deputize those of their prisoners who could be counted on to have trained notions about discipline themselves—the German Communists.

Mr. Burney is regrettably confused in the matter of their actual political allegiance: he calls them "Trotskyists" in one passage, and "Party members" in another; and as if to confuse the issue further, he reports that the Russian prisoners kept aloof from them. These German Communists, he contends, "slowly integrated themselves with the S.S. . . . One by one the key positions fell to them . . . until finally, in 1942, the administration was officially turned over to them by the commandant. From then on all the power and all the positions were in their absolute control." They remained unarmed, to be sure. They engaged neither in direct murder nor in wanton torture. All they did was to increase their own comfort by ruthlessly cutting down the last remnants of the privileges of those who did not belong to their circle. In short, these Communist *Kapos, Lageralteste,* and *Lagerschutz* men established a terror regime second in its cruelty only to the sadistic pastimes of their jailers. As they finally gained an influence on the preparing of the lists of deportees for the infamous gas chambers, they purged the ranks of their companions-in-misery according to their sectarian taste.

Mr. Burney is not a professional red-baiter. He came to respect and like the Red Army men. With apparent relief he records the case of three German Communist hospital orderlies who treated their fellow prisoners irrespective of their "ideological fancy." But he adds that the "very fineness" of these men "disqualified them from having any influence on the judgment of that mysterious abstract which ruled them: the Party."

He does not say—as many another man might and many a reader will do—that German Communists, being Germans first, are callous, reckless, and cruel by nature. Nor does he, in fact, accuse the single German Communist. What he, by implication, so passionately condemns is their sectarian organization. Of all the political groups whose members were cast into the dungeon (each group a minority of the 30,000 hapless men) the German Communists alone managed to transfer their organization behind the electric fence—or, rather, their technique of setting up an organization built on a common persuasion but kept in line through privileges, threats, the exclusion of heretics, and absolute obedience. It may be wondered—Mr. Burney does not make this distinction—whether the original motive of their banding together, their social ideology, was

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not gradually replaced in their minds by the pragmatical functions of their machine.

About a hundred years ago, Jacob Burckhardt, the eminent Swiss historian, said that "power is evil in itself." Stripped as power may have been of its ideological ends, stripped as it was of any semblance of justice under the Buchenwald law, challenged as it was through a perpetual life-or-death emergency, power per se showed its Gorgon face even in the hands of men who, though fanatics, were originally, without doubt, above the moral level of their Nazi masters.

Mr. Burney's account of the camp's liberation by the American Army is an arresting piece of artlessly written reportage. His comments on the different national groups in Buchenwald are rather naive; their generalizations sometimes remind one of the famous redhaired hunchback of Laurence Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

As already mentioned, Mr. Burney concludes his book with an analysis of his experiences. He is not a great scholar. He has no inhibitions to prevent him from jotting down what, to a writer more subtle, would look like a banality. Yet some of these dicta which come so close to being truisms have the ring of a real message to a Europe turned, through totalitarianism, into a witches' Sabbath of intolerance, mutual group hatreds, and sectarianism. "Ideology," this young officer says, for instance, "cannot replace morality."

Business Man in Homespun

YANKEE STOREKEEPER. By R. E. Gould. New York: Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. 1946. 195 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

IT was inevitable. Autobiographies of country doctors, country lawyers, country peddlers, farmers, and country writers have been out for some time. Stories by country dentists, country teachers, cops, philosophers, and bumpkins are undoubtedly in some stage of preparation, for writers and publishers are finding this field profitable to cultivate. It can bear all kinds of crops, and it does.

There was sure to be a volume on the country storekeeper. But it was not inevitable that the country storekeeper's tale would be as completely recognizable and as delightfully amusing as "Yankee Storekeeper." The book is as authentic as the smells of tea, kerosene, rubber boots, mouse cheese; the jumble of harness, crackers, tobacco, work clothes, fishing poles, and foodstuffs that is any crossroads store you have ever known. It is as authentically Maine as an L. L. Bean catalogue.

R. E. Gould came off a hill farm where his father before him was a trader in horses, pigs, sheep, or anything else that anybody, including Horace B'God, would trade him, where he suspected a profit. Young Gould learned his trading on the farm and later as a very young clerk in stores in Lowell, Massachusetts, and Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He learned from experts and when, after a spell as "skunk skinner," or salesman, for a farm implement company, he bought his own store in Harmony in Somerset County, he knew his craft and how to practise it.

It is safest to know your business if you are to operate a country store. In rural New England people still drive into town not to buy or to shop or to lay in supplies, but, as they say casually, "to do a little trading." The sharp trader is admired as a smart fellow, and stories of his dealings are recounted with glee and deep approval. The man who gets the worst of a swap is not to be pitied. He's a fool. The man who gets the best of a bargain, even by questionable means, is not a villain but something of a hero. A man may have all the principles you like in rural New England, but his trading ethics are apt to be flexible. The fellow who doesn't at least try to drive a shrewd bargain is almost as big a fool as the man who would give something away. Customer and country storekeeper each knows that the other will bear watching. Otherwise they could hardly have any respect for themselves or each other.

The storekeeper, according to R. E. Gould, has to learn to be mean. If he fails in that primary step, the drummers will load his shelves with stuff he can't move at all. He must learn to buy, then learn to sell. He must master devices of salesmanship which make the techniques of selling as taught to the modern urban salesman look anemic. He never cheats, but he sometimes makes timid honesty curl up very tightly and retreat to a safer place.

The author tells how he kept competitors, especially the chain stores, from "shooting the corners" off his store, how he went after business in strange places and got it. He describes his methods of handling credit and collecting debts, of catching shoplifters, and of turning poet in his advertising. This was before he became a licensed embalmer, after studying from Friday to Tuesday, and was his community's undertaker as well as storekeeper, with plenty of business provided by the influenza epidemic of 1918. None of this is a mere listing of principles and facts. All is told with stories and a keen countryman's humor that serve to illustrate each point.

R. E. Gould is in wholesale gasoline and woodlots now. The country store changed as the Sunday dinner went out and food came in packages instead of in crates, barrels, and jugs. The country store, like so many other institutions, is not what it was. He saw the handwriting on his shelves and went into other kinds of trading. But the country store as it was, and in many places still is, is safe and accurately depicted in his pages, and so is he.

This Yankee storekeeper shows the complacence and high regard for his own acuteness of many a New England country character who knows himself a character and a pretty unusual and special one at that. He knows more than most, and he doesn't a mite mind saying so. If he couldn't teach school better than most teachers, he'd think himself a mighty poor storekeeper; and most church folks he's known aren't good for too much either. The Grange is good enough for him. Where real Yankees are, the man who doesn't set a decent value on his own acuteness is almost as big a fool as the man who goes and gets himself cheated. Nothing in this stated and implied self-estimate detracts from "Yankee Storekeeper." It completes and perfects the tale.

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A World Half Free?

POLITICAL RECONSTRUCTION. By Karl Loewenstein. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1946. 404 pp. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

SOME of us are going to wish we could escape the logic of this book. As democratically minded people we have clung desperately to that tenet of the faith of our fathers which holds that nations must be allowed to choose their own form of government unmolested by the most benevolent neighbor. But the ruins of Europe and the rubble of Hiroshima have begun to make us wonder. Lincoln's familiar remark about a nation half slave and half free would seem now to apply to a world reduced to microscopic proportions by the radio, the airplane, and all the other pushbutton devices on which we preen ourselves.

Karl Loewenstein, professor of political science at Amherst, presents in this book, with remorseless and inescapable logic, the thesis that indifference to the internal affairs of other nations can lead to a third world war. The tolerance of Fascism by the democratic powers, as long as words could be found to describe it as internal, permitted the aggressions which eventually became intolerable and induced the holocaust just ended. And now, says Dr. Loewenstein, speaking from a background of experience as a European exile and of study as an historian, we are ready to repeat the pattern unless we give up the old Wilsonian aphorisms. Internal self-determination is a notion as obsolete as the kerosene lamp. Yet Article 3 of the Atlantic Charter reads in part, "They respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live." The dangers inherent in an unqualified interpretation of that article which would permit the existence of totalitarian states should be obvious now that the inherent aggressiveness of totalitarianism has been proved. The Fifth Column and the puppet government were the Nazi answer to the liberal dogma of political laissez faire. Hence this revolutionary statement of a former German lawyer and teacher of constitutional law—a warning which is a frontal assault on Article 3 of the Atlantic Charter, one of the basic documents for the formation of a peaceful world.

As corollary to the thesis that political hegemony is pure anachronism, it is the author's contention that no government should be permitted to come into existence which does not meet what he calls the "nuclear demands" of political democracy. These minimum demands are seven; namely, a written constitution, suffrage and vote, representative institutions, popular control of the government, political parties, constitutionally guaranteed liberties, and protection of the democratic order. The last will cause some gulping, for as interpreted here it means that political groups, parties, and movements whose purpose, either expressed or implied, is to annihilate political democracy must not be accorded political rights. "The inescapable lesson of the past is that political democracy must rigorously deny its enemies the democratic privilege. Political rights, like all individual rights, find their natural limit in the rights of others. Those who would destroy them have no legal or moral claim to be protected in their right to destroy."

As if current events were not sufficient to prove the point he is making, there is included considerable examination of political and constitutional history drawn from other trying periods in the history of western Europe. Historical parallels are dangerous things to make, but the mistakes and the successes of the past do afford valuable lessons to a generation like our own which would seem to be having its last chance to work out some sort of a truly federated or united world. There are observations here definitely worth the heeding. The analysis of the various nations of Europe and of their worthiness for self government is shrewd and pointed. In general, the Balkan and central European states are found wanting, and for them is demanded indefinite tutelage. Almost without exception the defeated Axis countries need to be kept under some form of outside control until they have proved their willingness and capability to live by democracy. This includes, too, Italy, which through the accidents of military necessity has escaped paying the price her fascist orgy should exact.

Political democracy can operate through many different forms of government. There is, therefore, an interesting exposition of those various forms and an evaluation of the probabilities of their success. Relevant to this is a lengthy passage on the advantages of monarchy. While to most Americans monarchy is a matter of childhood legend or of romantic stories like "The Prisoner of Zenda," it is rooted deeply in the mores of much of Europe and is still a quite lively issue.

"Political Reconstruction" is a forceful statement of a basic principle that must be faced by the United Nations. It is apt and thoughtful, as you would expect of any book written by the author of "Brazil under Vargas" and "Hitler's Germany." It is forceful without being frenzied, a weakness of many other books on reconstruction. Despite its exploration into history and political theory it remains at all times coherent and relevant to its main theory—that nondemocratic states cannot exist without being a constant threat to world peace. It is concrete, yet it avoids the pitfalls of those blueprint theses which specify details long before it can be determined what materials will be available. The democratic imperative set up would seem a most desirable one. This imperative resolves itself to the simple insistence that there be inserted "into the bill of rights of every defeated nation and, if possible, of every nation . . . a new political individual freedom; namely, the right to participate in the government of the state through democratic elections." One great enigma is left unsolved—the question of Russia. Dr. Loewenstein treats that great nation with a circumspection which veers on timidity. Perhaps he is wise, but by failing to meet the problem posed by the nature of Russia's government much of the force of his argument is lost.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 629)

EDWARD THOMAS:
SEDGE WARBLERS

And sedge warblers, clinging so light
To willow twigs, sang longer than the lark,
Quick, shrill or grating. . . .

This was the best of May—the small brown birds
Wisely reiterating endlessly
What no man learnt yet, in or out of school.

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Mr. Huxley Views With Concern

SCIENCE, LIBERTY, AND PEACE. By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 86 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by LOUIS N. RIDENOUR

THIS thoughtful essay is Mr. Huxley's contribution to the current and perhaps excessive notice being taken of exact science as a force in the affairs of men. It opens by quoting Tolstoy: "If the arrangement of society is bad (as ours is), and a small number of people have power over the majority and oppress it, every victory over Nature will inevitably serve only to increase that power and that oppression. This is what is actually happening."

Huxley's purpose is to examine how technology has contributed to the implementation of this gloomy remark, and also to indicate how such a trend can be resisted and reversed. His description of the evils of nationalism and of the way in which important decisions in the field of international politics are made, in effect, by boy gangsters instead of reasonable men is all too sound. It will convince anyone that "unfortunately, in some of the most important issues of life, human beings do not act from considerations of enlightened self-interest."

This being so, the more particular argument presented examines the evil effects of applied science on society. Much in that examination is compelling, but some gives the impression that parts of the evidence have been neglected. It is maintained that the more effective instruments of coërcion which technology has brought us make despotism easy—despite the evidence that government still rests on the consent of the governed, even in Nazi Germany. It is claimed that the better instruments of persuasion now available assist the molding of national thought—despite, to take a well-known example, the consistent success of Mr. Roosevelt in gaining the votes of a population whose press was overwhelmingly opposed to him.

Centralization of political and economic power is viewed as a tendency which has been and is being aided enormously by advancing technology, and as perhaps the major evil, short of war, debauching and enslaving modern man. Technological unemployment and the insecurity resulting from its threat to those without a skill are cited as twin horrors. This they no doubt are; but the observation is perhaps neglected that the penalty in our time for less-than-

Aldous Huxley doesn't believe boy gangsters should make the important decisions in the field of international politics.

average intelligence, skill, and performance is somewhat smaller and less drastic than it used to be. Before the age of fire, only the intelligent and the healthy grew to manhood; a thousand years ago, a stupid man (unless in the small company of the fortunately born) was sure to be a slave. Today, he may have an excessively menial task in a large centralized industry, but he spends far more than half his waking time as his own master.

We next pursue the baneful effects of science and technology on the mental climate. Three are cited: the genuine progressiveness of science has led to a wrong belief in general progress and the possibility of an earthly utopia, in whose name the greatest excesses are committed; the simplification of problems which is fundamental to exact science is Procrustean when applied to humans; and the abstractions which science must make have been transferred to moral fields, with a consequent decline in the recognition of true human values. Today, says Huxley, everybody thinks he is right; the old despots, with the ill-remembered vestiges of a religious education, at least had the grace to be uneasy in their despotism. This seems a little doubtful, too. Surely no one was more conscious of his rectitude than the practising members of the Holy Office, yet they broke men on the wheel with no more compunction than that of a Nazi setting fire to a Jew.

We turn at last to the outline of what scientists themselves can do to banish war. From the prescriptions which follow, basic scientific work is expressly excepted, for Huxley rightly says that it is amoral and disinterested; it cannot be planned. The necessity of saying this removes much of the force of the further argument; for precisely the victories of basic science make the most profound changes in our world. Maxwell and Hertz, not Marconi, fathered the radio. They are far more responsible for the commercials and the crooners than are Armstrong or DeForest. Faraday and Henry, disinterested seekers after truth, had more to do with Insull's empire than did Thomson and Edison. Rutherford and Bohr were more important to the atomic bomb than General Groves.

This is neglected, and it is urged that those applying science to the mastery of nature do so for humane and reasonable ends. The argument that this can be done is not entirely convincing. Basic science is of fundamental importance for practical ends, but it cannot be guided or delimited, except in the most general terms of

When the Daphne Blossomed

By Thomas Sugrue

WE HAVE been friends since in the quiet night
Of paradise God hurled the comet time
Across the heavens and created light,
That he might see to make Himself a rhyme.
High on the ramparts of eternity
We watched the darkness dress itself in stars,
Heard distant harps struck by astronomy,
Saw water laid upon the fire's fierce scars.
Then from the farthest world the first young spring
Sent savors of narcissus, daffodil,
And daisies gleaming where the meadows fill;
And when the daphne blossomed we took wing
From immortality to taste the breath
Of these brave things that have no fear of death.

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being turned either on or off. Technology reflects the spirit of the time, and its form can even be regarded as inevitable; science is applied to those problems which, in a given society, seem to need amelioration. To suggest that the applied scientist can change the nature of the structure in which he works sounds a little like suggesting that the tail should wag the dog. In the unearthly glare of the atomic bomb, science may seem to cast a blacker shadow than in fact it does. The social weight of the individual engineer is precisely that of any other citizen of equal intelligence and achievement. The citizens, all together, can change the structure of their world. The applied scientist or engineer, in the context of that world, cannot insure that his work, however carefully its aim be chosen, will either elevate or depress the morals of his time.

Louis N. Ridenour, authority on radar and its military use, is one of the co-authors of "One World or None."

The Outlook for Radio

RADIO'S SECOND CHANCE. By Charles A. Siepmann. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1946. 276 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOBE MORRISON

IN THE last twenty years radio has grown from a freak plaything to a worldwide force. American radio is a major industry, with an enormous but still not fully realized power to influence mass thinking. How and by whom such power is used and how it is to be controlled is, of course, vitally important to our democracy and, inevitably, to the world. With the growing recognition of that fact in recent years, many serious-minded people have become gravely concerned about American radio and its future.

It is on that basis that Charles A. Siepmann has written his penetrating and provocative book. As a former employee of the British Broadcasting Corporation, Mr. Siepmann is in a position to compare our system of privately operated, commercially supported, and government regulated radio with the English system of government monopoly, non-commercial broadcasting, and the various forms of government operated radio elsewhere in the world. As a former special consultant for the Federal Communications Commission, Mr. Siepmann may also be regarded as more or less an unofficial spokesman for that regulatory agency, particularly as his book parallels so closely the Commission's recent report on the public service responsibilities of broadcasters.

Mr. Siepmann is careful to note at the outset and to reiterate throughout the book that he is not opposed to the American system of radio. On the contrary, he emphasizes his belief that it is the most satisfactory in the world. Nor is he against commercial radio, which he sees as a natural corollary of our democratic, capitalistic, economic and political system, and which he concedes has had a major share in bringing about our radio preëminence. But while freely admitting the favorable aspects of our system of broadcasting, he argues that it still isn't good enough, and he urges that its more flagrant faults be corrected if it is to serve our democracy adequately in the future. Thus, though a friendly critic, he is an exacting one.

Yet, sweeping and sharp as his criticism is at times, it seems eminently fair and, more important, useful. And though some readers both in and out of the radio industry may disagree with his views, at least in part, many others most deeply concerned with the subject will approve his analysis of it and agree in general with his proposed reforms. The most serious limitation of the book's usefulness appears to be its somewhat technical nature. For if American radio is to realize its potential function to democracy, the public must understand it, have convictions about it, and take steps to put its wishes into effect. Unfortunately, the American people seem unaware of and disinterested in the larger aspects of their radio system, and probably too few of them will take the trouble to read and think about such a specialized book as this.

The general nature of Mr. Siepmann's beliefs and the severity of his criticisms are indicated by his chapter titles: "The Air Is Yours," "Betrayal of Trust," "The Networks Abdicate," "Freedom of Speech on the Air," "Of Men and Mice," "A Matter of Money," "The Midas Touch," "Washington's No. 1 Whipping Boy—the FCC," "FM" and "A Plan for the Future." On the thesis that the air belongs to all the people and that the privilege of operating a radio station is a temporary grant "in the public interest, convenience or necessity," Mr. Siepmann bases his case for and against existing conditions in broadcasting. His platform is that local radio operation is a primary need of our democratic system, but that the excessive expansion of networks has tended to deprive local communities of essential expression and has centered control of creative talent in a few hands. However, he notes that much of the fault of this lies with the local broadcasters.

Possibly the author's chief criticism is leveled against the over-commercialism of radio. He points out that, instead of serving "the public interest," commercially-supported broadcasting tends to drive public service or cultural programs off the air or into undesirable time on the schedule, while programs that sell goods (sometimes of questionable merit) monopolize the peak listening hours and the more powerful stations. He aims some of his most forceful attacks on the daytime serials, the lowly but commercially remunerative "soap operas," which he claims crowd more worthwhile programs off the air during the daylight hours, and are of dubious social value anyway. Mr. Siepmann's exposition of how the networks have "abdicated" program control to the advertising agencies will find many broadcasters (including those in advertising agencies) in substantial agreement, but he fails to note how the agencies themselves have recently tended increasingly to "abdicate" control to independent "package" production offices.

The book handles the subject of freedom of speech on the air in cogent if not overly vigorous fashion. There is also a persuasive defense of the Federal Communications Commission, though the author doesn't hesitate to charge that body with timorousness and weakness of policy. He regards frequency modulation (FM), with its vastly expanded number of available frequencies, as offering the best hope for restoring real free competition and greater local participation to broadcasting—therein lies the significance of the book's title.

Mr. Siepmann's proposed plan for

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the future is threefold. He would have greater and more discriminating publicity and public interest in radio. In this connection, he notes the scarcity of informed criticism and comment on radio programs and policies, and the inadequate radio news coverage provided by most newspapers. His second suggestion is public participation in determining questions of radio operation and control and, to achieve this, he envisions local listeners' councils and ultimately their loose amalgamation into a national listeners' council. Finally, he advocates the establishment of a central agency for the production of recorded service and cultural programs designed to meet the needs of local communities and regions, and various minority groups.

There is probably serious question whether much of such a program is practical. However, merely voicing it will help to arouse thought and discussion about it. And anything, including books like "Radio's Second Chance," that brings the flaws and merits of American broadcasting into the open serves a valuable cause.

Chicago's Tribune

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE. ITS FIRST HUNDRED YEARS. Volume II, 1865-1880. By Philip Kinsley. Chicago: Chicago Tribune. 1945. 349 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD PHELPS STOKES

THE "world's smallest daily newspaper" is published in Tryon, North Carolina. What many people regard as the world's greatest newspaper is published in New York. What the *Chicago Tribune* considers the world's greatest newspaper is published in Chicago—and not unexpectedly it is the *Chicago Tribune* itself.

This is the second volume of Mr. Kinsley's leisurely chronicle of that newspaper, timed to reach a climax in its centennial year, 1947. The word "chronicle" is used advisedly, for this is not a history in the fashion set by Elmer Davis in his "History of the *New York Times,*" or Allan Nevins in *"The Evening Post:* A Century of Journalism." Except for a few chapter openings, there is comparatively little synthesis or perspective in it, at any rate in this volume, which is mostly made up of items culled from the files such as these:

> Chicago was in mourning over Lincoln's death. . . . The *Tribune* suffered from an epidemic of verse. In three days it had received 160 pieces of poetry beginning either "Toll, toll, ye mourning bells" or "Mourn, mourn, ye tolling bells."
>
> A reception was held for Grant in Union Hall. The *Tribune* reporter wrote of the scene: "The waving handkerchiefs of the ladies swept over the surging sea of human faces like flecks of foam dancing on the billows of the ocean."
>
> There had been 147 arrests for fast driving during the year (1867), it was reported on April 3.
>
> Willie Atkins, who had been whipped in school, died. The medical examiners said the cause was inflammation of the brain and not the whipping injuries, but the people were aroused and an anti-corporal punishment society was organized.

By this means, a little tedious for the ordinary reader, Mr. Kinsley presents his "moving picture narrative of the times as mirrored in the day by day *Tribune.*" These are the trivia; of course the narrative covers many more important events. The times abounded in stirring themes, for both reporter and editor. One is struck not so much by the contrasts between East and West in those times and themes, which were to be expected, as by the many points of contact between them—and even between the editors themselves.

Reconstruction presented them with the same great political problems to discuss. The scandal involving the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Tilton of Brooklyn was first page news for both—the *Tribune* even published a special supplement of Tilton love-letters. It also spread before its readers on page one that other great sensation of the day, the *New York Times's* exposure of the Tweed ring in 1871. At the time it had Chicago's own boodlers and "bummers" to reckon with, but they never pilfered in the grand manner of Tweed and his associates. The New York editors, on the other hand, never had a story quite like the great Chicago fire.

Science and invention they shared —Edison was as much of a lion in Chicago as in New York. Also the world of books. Also the journalistic amenities of the day. If a rival sheet was a "reptile" to the editor of Chicago's *Tribune,* one must in candor recall that not so many years before the editor of New York's *Tribune* (Horace Greeley) had begun a reply to a rival's leader with the words, "You lie, villain! Wilfully, wickedly, basely lie!"

Horace White, later editor of the *New York Evening Post,* was editor of the *Chicago Tribune* during the early years of the period under review. Although a Republican newspaper, it favored a tariff for revenue only, broke with President Johnson, and later showed its independence by sharply criticizing President Grant, leading Nevins in his history to remark that "under White the *Tribune* was far more liberal than it has ever been since." White was succeeded in 1874 by Joseph Medill, and the paper, although retaining its right to criticize party policy, never again strayed from the Republican fold.

Startlingly, ominously, from the very last page of the chronicle, comes the faint roll of distant thunder, heard as from beyond far horizons. The *London Spectator,* commenting on American prosperity, remarked that America was doing nothing for the world involving self-sacrifice, but was "practising selfishness and isolation." To this Medill replied:

> In other words because the United States is rich and powerful the *Spectator* would have it pause in its great work of sheltering and educating the refugee oppressed of all nations, and start out, like another Don Quixote, upon a crusade for the settlement of political questions at issue between nations, to pull down this people and build up that, to get into all sorts of entangling alliances, and to reform everything that needs it. . . . How would the *Spectator* like it if we undertook to reform Great Britain first in her persecution of weaker peoples?

The date of that editorial in the *Tribune* was December 28, 1880. Col. Robert R. McCormick, Medill's grandson and the present editor and publisher of the *Tribune,* was then not quite five months old.

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Strictly Personal

WHAT DO YOU HEAR FROM NUREMBERG?

"THAT Goering is smart all right," said the man in the bus to his companion. "He certainly made a bum out of Jackson."

And one was not surprised. The story (with pictures) of a braggart upholding brazenly the tenets of Nazism was page one news all over the country. The story of the same man a little later, flustered and self-contradictory under cross-examination, was back among the department store advertisements.

The stories came, in case you have forgotten, from a place in Germany called Nuremberg where there has been in progress for several months a trial before an international tribunal not only of a handful of individuals but of a system, a manner of thinking, a moral code which plunged the entire world into the most horrible and costly conflict known to man.

A few days before Goering's appearance on the witness stand, Justice Robert H. Jackson, chief American prosecutor, asked the tribunal to reach beyond the German high command and to convict the entire membership of the organizations which did its bidding. He asked the conviction of 2,040,155 persons.

We turn now to the "free" American press, on the evening of that day and on the following morning.

The *New York Times* and New York *Herald Tribune* saw eye to eye on the story. Each gave it half a column, the *Times* on page nine, the *Herald Tribune* on page eight. They saw eye to eye also on the story of a draft-dodging, money-mad druggist who was convicted of murder in the first degree for having fed his wife, unwanted when the war was over, enough strychnine to kill a horse. It occupied a good spot on page one of both papers.

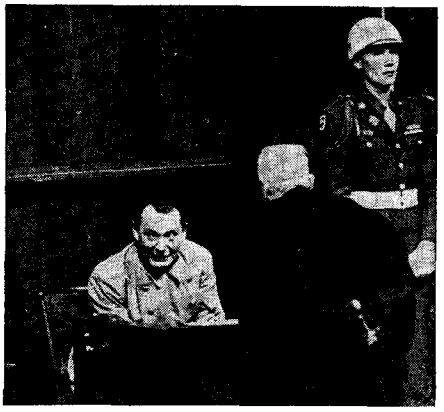
The New York *World-Telegram* saw deep significance, worthy of page one treatment, in the housing difficulties of Yee Koy, a laundryman in East Orange, New Jersey, but considered a third of a column on page sixteen the proper space and place for Justice Jackson's plea. On the same evening, the New York *Journal-American* could find no space at all for a story datelined "Nuremberg," and anyway its editors were far too busy with a first page account labelled "ASK AID FOR CHILDREN OF G.I.S' JAP ROMANCES."

Where next? The hub of culture in these United States? The Boston *Herald* devoted a column and a half of its page one space to display advertising of rum, doughnuts, and something called "leanermaise." Its lead story, under an eight-column banner, dealt with a non-violent sit-down strike of 568 inmates of Charlestown State Prison. Back on page seventeen was a six-inch story of the trial of some men in Germany who, not a year ago, were intent on destroying real culture forever.

Laundries in Washington, it appears, have been violating price ceilings. A fine thing, what with formal embassy dinners, senators' wing collars and what not. The Washington *Post*, never one to blink the facts, presented these scandalous goings-on under a two-column headline on its first page. Nuremberg? Four inches on page twenty-one.

Hurly-burly Chicago sets a swift pace and the really important news must be presented where people can read it without wasting time. It was only natural, therefore, that the editors of the Chicago *Daily News* should give primary space to the death in an auto crash two days before of one Bronco L. Petkovich, otherwise unidentified. Nuremberg is a couple of thousand miles away and the war is over and people are tired of the whole thing. A few inches on page nine for that trial story.

And what of the Deep South? What value is accorded there to a picture of racial intolerance come to trial?



—*Press Association, Inc.*
The imperfect witness.

Well, the *Times-Picayune* reports under a five-column page one headline that New Orleans was a "mirth-starved" city which had been "without a carnival for four long war years." Occupying an important place on the same page is a course-by-course description of a luncheon meeting of the Mid-City Kiwanis Club. Mr. Jackson's demand for retribution against the erstwhile masters of "mirth-starved" Dachau and "mirth-starved" Lidice occupies some eight inches of page fifteen.

Bearing in mind that the two mail depositories in the San Antonio post office are marked respectively "Texas" and "Foreign," one may question whether the newspapers of that state fall within the scope of this survey. On the chance that they do, it can be reported that the Dallas *Morning News* disregarded the story under consideration in favor of page one space for developments in an attack mounted by certain members of the United States Army's Thirty-sixth Division against General Mark Clark. Nothing from Nuremberg.

On the west coast, the (Portland) *Oregon Journal* found a half-column on page two available for the Nuremberg account but—and here is the editorial mind at its most devious—ran on its first page, with a banner clear across the paper, the story of a strike in Philadelphia.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, on the other hand, led the paper with the story. This means that it occupied the right-hand column of the first page and was topped by the biggest headline on the page. Curiosity prompted a peep at the following day's edition, however, and disclosed that Nuremberg had been relegated to page two in favor of page one space for a dispatch which informed the world that Fulton, Missouri, is the birthplace of the bourbon rickey.

Of the eleven newspapers inspected, seven are published in the morning and four in the evening, but none was favored by the time element. Nuremberg time is six hours ahead of Eastern Standard Time and there is an even greater difference as one goes west. That the complete story was available in time for all is demonstrated by the *Post-Dispatch*, an evening paper, which ran a column and a quarter, or at least two and a half times as much as any of the others, morning or evening.

Nor did any paper have an advantage over any other in the quality of its story. All nine of those who gave it any space at all used the Associated Press report.

The prosecution rests.

RALPH CHAPMAN.

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WHEN IS A GENTLEMAN?

BILL MAULDIN, a former Army sergeant whose value to his country outweighed that of a good many generals, told a Congressional committee the other day that the services should "get rid of the theory that an officer breathes special air and is a gentleman while the enlisted man is not." This may have been putting it a little strong, but every soldier and sailor will understand what he meant.

Actually an officer's gentlemanliness is most signally stressed in official regulations at the very point where it is most sharply called into question. That is in the deadly Ninety-fifth Article of War, which charges the accused with "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," and which is usually invoked only when there is precious little doubt about the unbecomingness.

Certainly there have been officers in our Army who have recognized the fact that the men in their commands were not necessarily underbred louts. Captain Henry J. Reilly of Light Battery F, Fifth Artillery, who fell before the gates of Peking during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, always addressed the members of his unit as gentlemen without any impairment of morale—as long as it existed Light Battery F of the Fifth was known as "Reilly's Battery."

A century and a half earlier, on the field of Fontenoy, the British infantry, according to legend, cried: "Gentlemen of France, fire first!" They did not mean colonels only. The casualty figures, which are not legend, prove otherwise, for this particular regiment of French gentlemen lost 810 killed and wounded in the first volley—but the French won.

In Cromwell's democratic army, apparently only majors and up could be gentlemen. "I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain," he wrote, "that knows what he fights for, than that which you call a gentleman and is nothing else." There were plenty of people, of course, who had their doubts even about Cromwell.

The seed that produced Mr. Mauldin's tart observation was probably planted early in his military career, and, equally probably, did not burgeon into full bloom until hostilities had ceased. For then is the time that the chasm between officer and enlisted man becomes visibly wider. Then is the time that the harness of discipline galls the soldier as it never did in the thick of combat. Then is the time that the "Officers Only" signs pop up with more maddening frequency. Then is the time that the higher echelons turn their attention to petty concerns they have hitherto ignored. Then is the time that commanding generals decide that they are as competent editors as the next man and take over the management of army newspapers. Worst of all, then is the time that the citizen soldier, willing to make any sacrifice as long as the guns are pounding, but conscious, once they have stopped, of the continuing existence of those civil rights for which he fought, is blindly mistaken for the old-line garrison soldier who would usually stand without hitching and who, if he objected, was either made to stand without hitching, or was hitched.

Visit the United States Military Academy today and you will see many youths in cadet gray wearing service ribbons of all the theatres. They were not officers, most of them—indeed, very few of them. The leavening should help. It may not bring about that military heaven on earth which Mr. Mauldin has in mind—the enlisted man turned officer can sometimes outdo in hardboiledness any brother officer who never served in the ranks, but that is likely to be merely his way of getting his own back. The admirable suggestion has been made that every cadet, at some time during his training or immediately after it, should spend a few months in the ranks with his identity known only to the commander of the post at which he is serving. Annapolis papers please copy.

It is all not merely a matter of who is a gentleman and who is not, or even of who is called a gentleman and who is not—it would be infinitely simpler if it were. In uniform or out of it, handsome is as handsome does.

A professor of English in an Eastern college used to regale his class with an account of a visit he paid to a clothing store one morning to exchange an overcoat that did not fit him. It was a Monday, and the clerks were clustered around a floor-walker who was giving an obviously graphic account of his week-end experiences. The professor's intrusion was not welcome. At length the floor-walker detached himself from the group, walked over to the professor with not too good a grace, and listened to his complaint. Then he turned and addressed the group. "Did one of you gentlemen," he asked, "wait on this man?"

J. T. W.

Triangle Trade

By Frances Minturn Howard

SLAVES, rum and molasses; a dark brown trade
The brown skins shining
With the gleam of sweat
The brown drink gleaming
Through the upraised glass
The thick brown syrup, kegged and rolled,
Swaying with the rhythm of the wave-slapped hold.

From Africa to Salem draw a long black line,
A black hulk cutting
Through the watery miles,
Bellying canvas
A foaming wake—
Bringing to port a load of black men;
Ship a crew at Salem, and off again.

Clipper ships running from Salem to Barbadoes;
Fine houses rising
In New England towns
Panelled and papered
Full of fine china,
Crystal decanters, stoppered, dumb,
Holding a secret darker than their rum.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Landlords and Rent Control

SIR: I assume that *The Saturday Review of Literature* is interested in presenting the truth. Even if you did not have a passion for truth, your answer would be the same. All of this is a prelude to the anonymous contribution entitled "The Racketeering Landlord" (*SRL*, March 16).

I am surprised that William Rose Benét would give space for it in his column "The Phoenix Nest." The truth happens to be that no one is to blame for the housing shortage except the veteran's government. During the war there was only one controlled commodity, and that commodity was rents. I am in favor of rent control and so are the members of my profession. I think that the rent level should be raised enough to encourage new construction.

If I had written the little story, which is in bad verse, I would have requested that it be used anonymously.

CLYDE D. FOSTER.
President, Quinlan and Tyson Real Estate

Evanston, Ill.

In Defense of Bryan

SIR: In the review of William Allen White's great autobiography in the March 16 issue, Will Irwin takes a nasty fling at William Jennings Bryan. Irwin says: "Much as he despised the man's superficiality and mental confusion, White liked him for his purity of intention and his courage."

Passing over for the moment White's admiration for Bryan, let's take a look at Irwin's contemptuous thrust at Bryan's "superficiality and mental confusion." This is old stuff; it harks back to the early Bryan days when Wall Street hated Bryan with an intensity not equalled even by its dislike for Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"Let's look at the record," as Al Smith would say. The facts of history show that Bryan was probably one of the most constructive statesmen this country has ever had. Four times he was directly or chiefly responsible for amending the Constitution of the United States—in election of senators by the people, income tax, woman's suffrage, and prohibition. No other American ever had so much to do with amending the Constitution of his country as did Mr. Bryan.

He began the fight against imperialism and the retention of the Philippine Islands almost single-handed. Not a leading statesman in America favored this policy when Bryan began his fight in August of 1898. Bryan brought his party and his country around to his principles. He lived to proclaim the passage of the bill granting the Filipinos independence. His stand against imperialism for any nation (as national policy) was not favored by any other great nation (in 1900), but today the whole world is coming to Bryan's views. And for a long time Bryan fought this battle almost alone.

But this is only the beginning of the record of Bryan's vindications. Most remarkable was the change in Theodore Roosevelt, who in 1896 could not say enough bitter things against Bryan's views of wealth and economic justice, but who ten years later was espousing those very views, attacking Wall Street and smashing the trusts with a big stick, adopting so many of Bryan's views that many wondered if Bryan would have any policies of his own left to advocate.

On many economic and political issues Woodrow Wilson differed from Bryan only later to espouse his views and with manly frankness admit that he had come over to Bryan's opinions. Then there is the tariff issue; the initiative and referendum (which Bryan favored with many others); government issue of currency; anti-trust remedies; guarantee of bank deposits (which we owe absolutely to Bryan); the peace treaties prepared by Bryan and laying the foundation for the vital sections of the League of Nations charter, and trial by jury in contempt cases.

Quite a record for a man of "superficiality and mental confusion."

WAYNE C. WILLIAMS

Denver, Colorado

Snarl-Word?

SIR: John Mason Brown in his article "Disney and the Dane" (*SRL*, March 30) is not being absolutely accurate when he says: "The Ph.D.'s move in only when the playgoers have moved out." I suspect that Mr. Brown knows or will recall that the full-length version of "Hamlet" which Maurice Evans produced in 1938 owed much to the suggestions of Professor J. Dover Wilson, particularly those which appeared in his book "What Happens in Hamlet." I could cite many instances in which the modern scholarship of textual detectives has made an integral difference in the playgoer's enjoyment.

The issue, I am afraid, is more serious than merely correcting Mr. Brown. As an avid reader (and listener, too, whenever he lectures in our vicinity) I have noted that Mr. Brown uses the term "Ph.D." as a snarl-word, one which is synonymous with the most finicky pedanticism. I should be the last one to deny that there are some phuddy-duddies in the university teaching field, but I do know quite a few who don't have neon-lit Phi Bete keys, and who, indeed, are most unpedantic and would pass for—well, the sort of person John Mason Brown would like. Mr. Brown would certainly see the unsemantic use of language involved were I to say that he, being a *journalist*, is a kindred spirit of George Spelvin or Westbrook Sokolsky.

I urge John Mason Brown to cease this sniping at this noble American institution or he may wake up some day to find himself the subject of a master's thesis at East Virginia State Normal and Agricultural College. And if that does not work!

DAVID MANNING WHITE.

Williamsburg, Virginia

Wallace Stevens's Handwriting

SIR: Re: Will Vance's attempt to describe Wallace Stevens (*SRL*, March 23):

While he is not entirely accurate in a number of particulars, he does give a pretty good estimate of Stevens as a business executive and as a writer; but I dissent when he says that his handwriting is "virtually microscopic." Unless the word "microscopic" has some extension of meaning that the dictionary does not hint at, he is in error. I have known Wallace Stevens's handwriting for a number of years, and it is man's size. It is quite individual, and the word my mind seizes upon to describe it is staccato, or even staccatissimo.

ARTHUR G. POWELL.

Atlanta, Georgia

Reviewords

SIR: That prose where "level" oft recurs
Suggests an image that deters:
The robot hands, the senseless keys—
The cerebellum guiding these.

PEARL YOUNG

St. Augustine, Florida

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The Dead Should Have Their Say

By ROBERT BOOKER HUNT

I WAS Dirk
in the slime and the dark of Flanders
and the murk of Rotterdam
when Philip of Spain
invaded our land
and we made a stand.

I had never wanted to fight,
I hated war,
I hardly knew what I was fighting for.

In fact, what was it?

They told me, but of course I can't remember.
Not simply home defense,
but something grand.
Something that now is like a smudge of ember
on the great hearth of time,
far from sublime.
I lost my life,
for even then they had efficient tools of war.

Wouldn't it be a good idea
to take some advice from the dead?

Godfrey was my name.
I followed the flame of the Holy Grail
in the First Crusade to the Holy Land.
I died on the sand
when a heathen lance,
somebody's new invention, ran
from my left breast
through my right buttocks.
I lay in a trance, thinking
we've won the Grail,
in my cold mail,
peace must not fail . . .

In 1189, the Third Crusade
boiled like a volcano over Europe,
the Balkans, and the Holy Land;
and many young men died
where the Prince of Peace was crucified.

Nameless I am.
I was a girl when the beautiful Wars of the Roses
ravished our England.
I lost my husband and myself was raped
in the Wars of the Roses,
beautiful wars,
where wounds were rank and death stank.

Neither Jock nor I
had any part in any Treaty, either . . .

You might have known me, pal.
My name was Harry.
I served in France with the old Rainbow Division.
Somebody shot me with a rifle from an aero-plane.
Too bad I had to die
before the Treaty of Versailles.

How about a little Democracy for the dead?

Who was that talking?
Seemed familiar somehow . . .
Anyway, my name was Harry,
though Mother called me Junior.
I'm just fresh-dead inside the Siegfried Line.
Here's my two cents' worth, if you can take it . . .
I hope to God they settle it right this time,
the way they shuffle those borders is a crime . . .

I was French.
They got me at Sedan.
But as the breath slipped out of me I thought:

Now Joan shall rise,
and Francis First, and Charlemagne,
Yes, even Louis Quatorze himself,
the sun-king from the orgies of Versailles;
Madame de Maintenon, duBarry,
and Lafayette,
son of true Liberty!

Will they? Did they? Well, somebody
should stage a Revolution for the dead!

We are the legions of the little men,
too long forgotten,
too insignificant to boast of names.
Our Kings, Electors, Ministers, and Czars
turned each against the other,
brother against brother.

We fought the internecine wars
of Third Estate, of vassalage;
the Vendée Wars;
Bohemian against Bohemian for Thirty Years.
We lived with blood and tears
through Reigns of Terror,
dragged our starved bodies
after Mazzini to Savoy;
We are the hoi-polloi
filling a universal cemetery . . .

But may we have a word?

Who now remembers who the victors were,
or how the Treaties read,
or what had *not* been said
by us, since we were dead?

So and so got so and so—
some trading rights,
a strip of land,
a royal hand, a crown,
ten million grand—
and lost it all. . . .

NOTE:
Treaties are formal written
agreements between States with
reference to political, commer-
cial, or territorial relations,
and other matters of *common concern.*

Utrecht and Bucharest,
Portsmouth and Brest-Litovsk,
Worms, Thorn, Ghent, and Breda,
Constance, Calmar, Bretigny—
who remembers Malmari?

Who remembers who were WE?
What do Treaties ever mean
to the vast hosts of the unseen?

It is time the dead should speak!

The dead who slumber in the deep house of the past,
alone, with God.

The simple dead who now can see with scorching truth
the thinning gaps of time between
Man's wisdom
and his all-too-powerful Machine.

Wish as we may,
the Machine is here to stay.
The question is,
Is Man himself to stay?

The dead should have their say.

The dead shall have their say.

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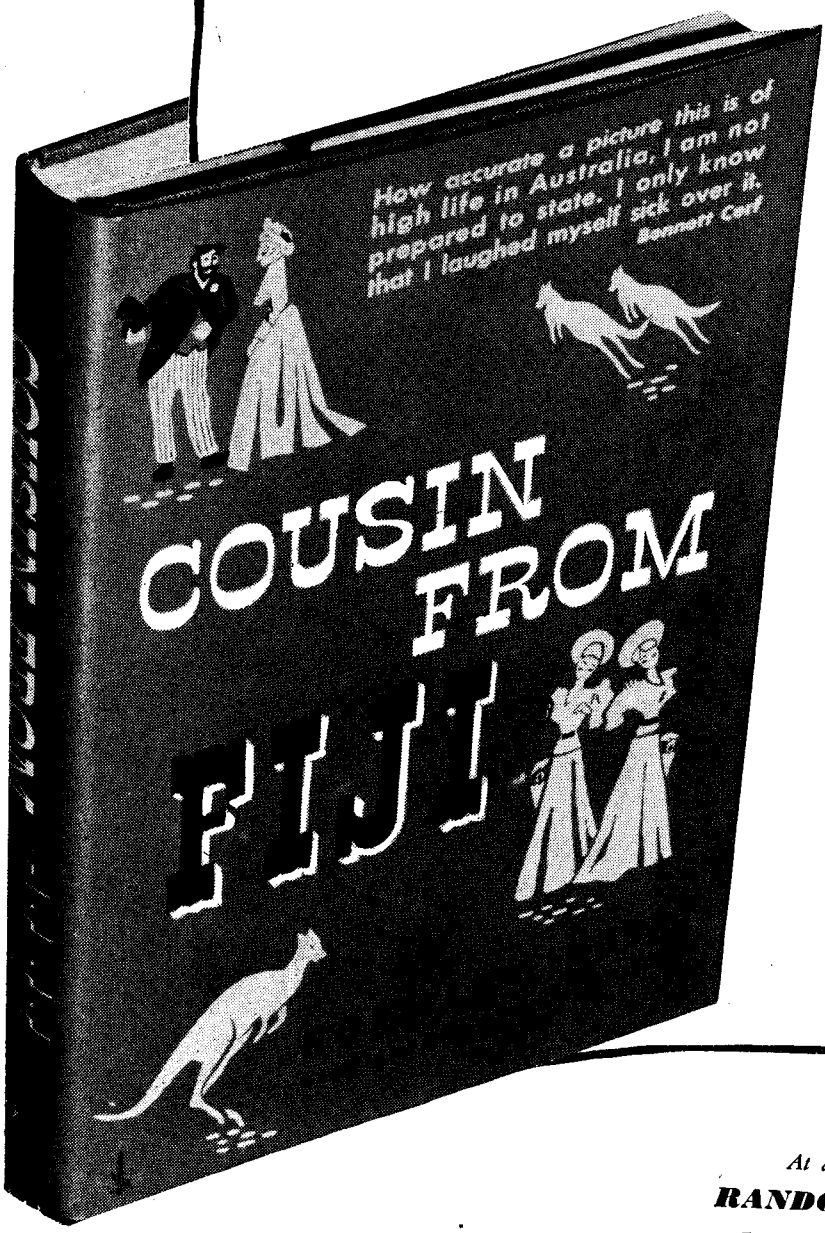
The riotous tale of an uninhibited family *down under*...

Cousin from Fiji

A baldfaced comedy by
NORMAN LINDSAY
author of THE CAUTIOUS AMORIST


How accurate a picture this is of high life in Australia, I am not prepared to state. I only know that I laughed myself sick over it.
Sunday Call
COUSIN FROM FIJI

➡ This is an impertinent, delicious and wayward tale of two attractive ladies (mother and daughter) who arrive in Australia from a sugar plantation in Fiji, outwit assorted relatives, and find romance in spite of scandal, skullduggery and shrewish envy. The publishers declare unequivocally that they laughed themselves sick over it.

Read all about those madcap relatives from Fiji and

GRANDMA, who locked herself up in the privy during fits of temper—and had to be rescued by the carpenter.

UNCLE GEORGE, who found it hard to be faithful to all his mistresses.

AUNT SARAH, whose crown of thorns was slightly askew.

COUSIN FLORENCE, whose only fault was an evil mind.

GILBERT BUNTHORPE, who wasn't even a relative and overdid his masculinity.

HILARY SHADLET, whose virtue was chaperoned by two spinster sisters, while he dreamed of sowing at least one oat.

At all bookstores, $2.50
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.
Publishers of the Modern Library

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

●● In New York, an intrepid reporter asked Fiorello La Guardia the size of the advance Lippincott had planked down for his projected autobiography. The Little Flower answered blandly, "More than it's worth."

●● In Marion Hunter's Bookshop (Beverly Hills), a customer demanded a copy of "Tulsa Trek." An exhaustive search of the Americana shelves disclosed no such title. Miss Hunter asked the customer if he remembered the name of the author. "There wasn't any author," said the surprised customer. "It's pictures." A light dawned in Miss Hunter's mind. She produced the new Studio portfolio of Toulouse-Lautrec, and the transaction was completed in a glow of mutual understanding and good will.

●● In San Francisco, they've gotten Bill Saroyan out of a khaki uniform and into a new, black mustache. His new novel, "The Adventures of Wesley Jackson," is on the Harcourt schedule for May.

●● In Chicago, Montgomery Ward is said to be corraling a thousand new subscribers a day for the various Doubleday book clubs. Sears Roebuck's People's Book Club is running its first newspaper ads. Spiegel's, the third ranking mail-order catalogue house, is champing at the bit.

●● In Spokane, an authoress whose last novel sold over thirty thousand copies divorced her husband because, to quote her signed testimony, "he refused to build a bathroom in the new house I was paying for, saying that sanitary facilities were just fads and wouldn't last."

●● In Hollywood, Charles Coburn delivered a lecture to the local B'nai B'rith chapter, and then arrived an hour late for his weekly poker game. "What kept you?" he was asked. "I was making a speech," he explained. "Who to?" persisted the host. "I'm not sure I got the name just right," admitted Coburn, "but I think it was the Bonnie Briar Club."

●● In London, C. S. Lewis, author of "The Screwtape Letters," declared. "The only people who are really the dupes of their favorite newspapers are the intelligentsia. Only they read the editorials and leading articles; the poor read the sporting news, which is mostly true."

●● In Syracuse, Dr. Frederick Wetherell, a bearcat for unusual words, memorized gleefully a sentence from Tom Costain's "The Black Rose" that reads, "What I had in mind was a goodish farm of several virgates, just large enough for you to live in comfort without fear of distrain or escuage." "When Mr. Costain's Walter made this remark," continues Mr. Wetherell, "there was no evidence of the roke (page 1) and he was no longer a starved Kestril (page 2)."

●● In Hollywood, Miss Hedda Hopper ran this verbatim report in her syndicated column: "Otto Preminger has gone quite literary since he bought 'The Dark Wood' by Christine Weston. Milo Stulof, president of the Literary Guild, has been talking with him here." Democratic fellow, that Stulof!

●● In London, *Punch* complained, "They haven't found Hitler's body lately."

●● In Greenville, S. C., the Pine Tree Book and Gift Shop ordered from Funk and Wagnalls ten copies of Emily Post's etiquette book to come at once, ten copies "to come first of April." F. and W. billed the first ten with a notation. " 'To Come First of April' is not our publication."

●● In Yemasee, Nelson Doubleday perused the best-seller lists with a happy smile: five of the first fifteen titles bore his imprint. Mr. Doubleday's next experiment will be a one-dollar "Spotlight" edition of "The Black Rose" in large-pamphlet style for newsstand distribution.

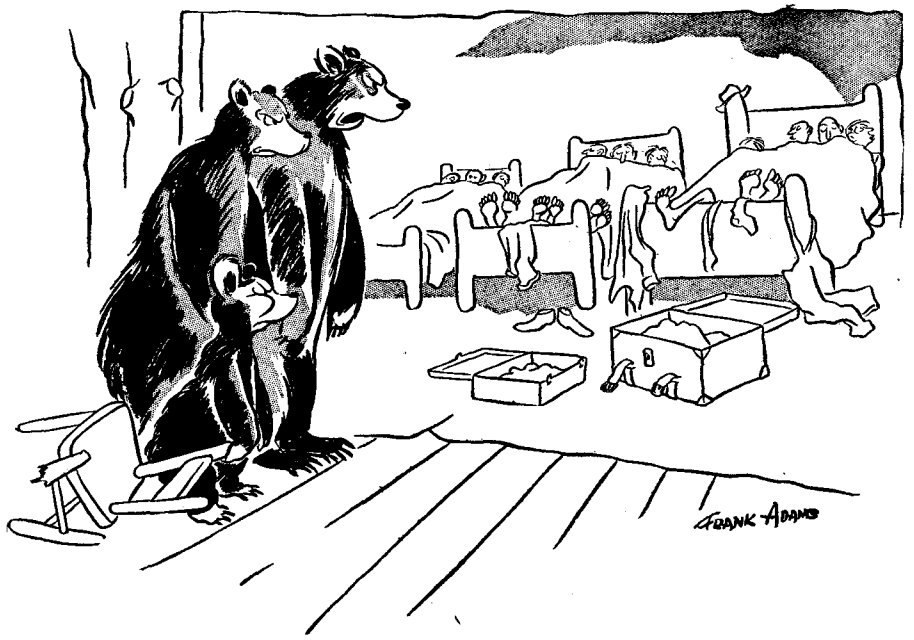
●● In a broadcasting studio, Rudy Vallee complained, "I buried my nose in a book this morning, and a terrible thing has happened: I forgot which book I buried it in!"

●● In Pittsburgh, the Ezra Pound controversy reminded Richard L. Daniel of an old poem:

> A certain tyrant to disgrace
> The more a rebel's resting place,
> Compelled the people, every one
> To hurl, in passing there, a stone;
> Which done, the rugged pile became
> A sepulchre to keep the name.

●● In New York, Michael Arlen disclosed that he "viewed with alarm the squalid enthusiasm with which countless men, women, and children of America and England insisted on writing novels, plays, and stories."

●● In Brentano's, a Collier scout avers that a well-furred matron ostentatiously purchased a book proclaiming the imminent death throes of the British Empire. She steamed over to the nearest trash-basket, tore out the pages of the book one by one, and dropped the cover in after them. Then she wiped her fingers, delivered the one-word opinion "Nonsense," and departed triumphantly. The book business needs more customers like that!



"Darn housing shortage!"

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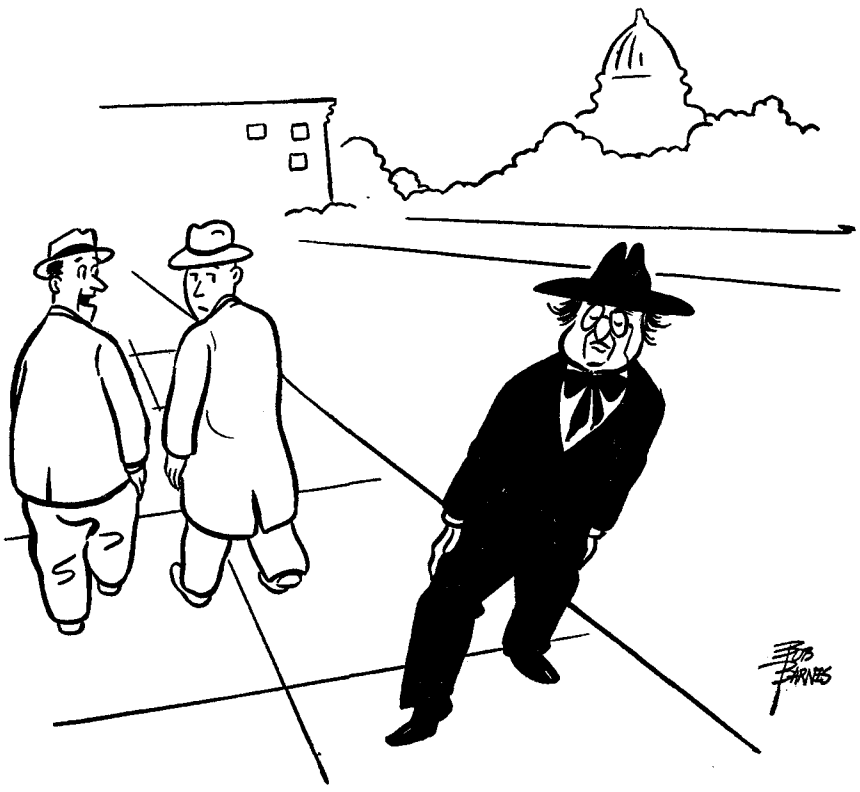


"There goes Senator Whooser . . . slightly leftist. I understand."

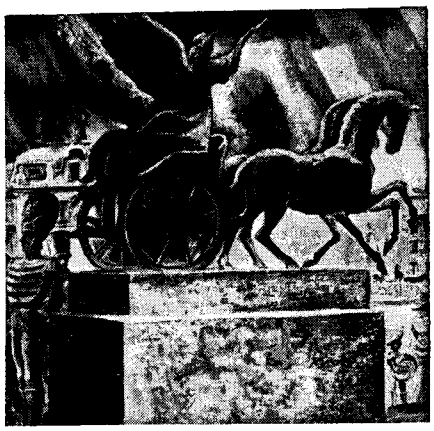
THE CURRENT financial situation is so baffling, so vulnerable to dangerous cross-currents, that the boys who write the Wall Street market letters are growing more and more chary about sticking their necks out. They have to fill space somehow. Washington Dodge, most resourceful of them all, has taken refuge in railroad statistics. "The oldest tunnel in the United States," he declared one morning, "dates clear back to 1833. It was a bore 900 feet long on the State of Pennsylvania's Alleghany Portage R.R. which carried segments of canal boats." "Is it time to sell distilling stocks?" interrupted an anxious speculator. "The Moffatt Tunnel in Colorado," continued the imperturbable Mr. Dodge, "cost twelve million dollars and runs for six miles at a 9,250-foot elevation.". . . Another Wall Street savant has taken to studying the costs of funerals, and announces with appropriate solemnity that the average cost of a 1945 burial was $332.98, which was $36.50, or 11 per cent, over the 1944 average cost. This increase was attributed entirely to public demand for "better funeral merchandise." Morticians, however, are confronted with the usual squeeze of frozen OPA rates and rising costs, and the average profit per funeral has fallen from $43.99 to $37.15 in the past twelve months. Alas, poor gravedigger! Where be his extra dividends now? . . . When Lewis Lawes was warden at Sing Sing, a financier came to spend the night with him. "Better lock up my watch and wallet," said the banker. "I've got several hundred dollars with me." "Nonsense," said Lawes. "Just leave it in your suit. Nobody will touch it." Sure enough, everything was in apple-pie order the next morning. "Golly," marveled the financier, "I never could get away with anything like that at the Bankers' Club!". . . A member of the latter august body is suspected of being the party who tacked up the sign in the White House corridor reading, "Don't annoy the piano player; he's doing the best he can.". . . The frankest statement of the year comes from a British Investment trust. It explains an unprecedented profit with a terse "These gains were due entirely to factors beyond our control.". . .

QUENTIN REYNOLDS awoke one morning last week, stretched, scratched his head, and looked at the clock. It registered five A.M. "This pace is getting me down," he mused. "I can't even sleep any more." He shuffled across the room in his bare feet and swallowed two sleeping pills. A few seconds later his wife called, "What about your appointment at *Collier's*, Quent? It's a quarter to twelve!"

Mr. Reynolds made the conference on time, slept peacefully through it. Mrs. Reynolds bought a new alarm clock.

BENNETT CERF.

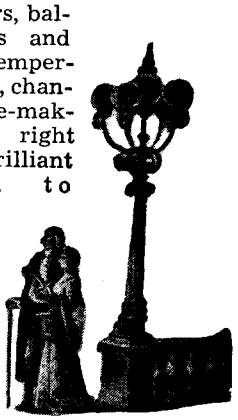
"From where I sit"



I HAD lunch today with a Viennese. He had come to this country in 1938, but he described Vienna in the years way previous as "shrinking." I liked the expression. I could see lights going out, cobwebs forming on mirrors, Baroque balconies corroding.

But I suppose just after the last war there were people who said the Vienna of old was no more. In fact it has been a long time since Old Vienna was Old Vienna. (Strauss is dead, Mark Twain is dead, and I don't feel any too well myself.) But COUNTESS WALDECK writes about Vienna when there was lustre in the sky. She writes about Talleyrand, of whom Napoleon said, "he is still the man who best knows the century and the world, the cabinets and the peoples."

Lustre in the Sky is an historical novel, full of Czars, ballerinas, emperors and governesses of emperors, dukes, counts, chancellors and glove-makers. It moves right along from brilliant conversation to polished epigram, from love intrigue to political intrigue. Instead of discussing nylons in the boudoir they discuss empires.



paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

CONCERNING THE JUKESES

WE, who are dramatic critics, will not soon live it down or want to forget it. It carried with it its own rather astringent rosemary for remembrance. It was too good to be forgotten, too pat not to merit the widest circulation.

When Maxwell Anderson dubbed our tribe "a sort of Jukes family of journalism," he tossed off a phrase that no one interested in the enrichment of the language will want to misplace. Inevitably it created as much pleasure in the little world of Broadway as was given to all the Allied nations by Mr. Churchill's wartime descriptions of Mussolini and Hitler. I suspect that those of us who, by profession at least, are critics enjoyed it as much as anyone else. Each one of us, of course, excluded himself, and pointed to a more wayward confrere; an act which should indicate beyond dispute that even reviewers have their human side.

Mr. Anderson's phrase will stick. It deserves to. It has alliteration to its credit. Heat and humor, too. And just enough sense to serve it as cement. No doubt it will outlast most of Mr. Anderson's plays, just as it has survived "Truckline Cafe," that drama of his which was so diurnal that I regret to state it never granted me the time in which to see it.

There are those who have wondered if Mr. Anderson has been wise in thus squandering his eloquence to describe the men and women who are duty-bound to report upon his future works. It is not the critics, I'll wager, who have entertained these doubts. I cannot pretend to ventriloquize for my brother Jukeses. Yet I feel fairly confident that most of them were as pleased as I was to have Mr. Anderson, as author, and Harold Clurman and Elia Kazan, as co-producers, rise publicly to the defense of "Truckline Cafe" before its closing.

There is no reason, and never has been one, why those who dare to judge should not be judged themselves. A critic's review is not an edict. It is only one man's very fallible opinion. What makes it seem fearsome, what gives it its importance, is the simple fact that it is stated in print. And there is no justification for critics having a monopoly on print.

Although no writers, actors, publishers, or producers have ever taken large ads to warn the public that the critics have been guilty of unfairness in overpraising their efforts, I cannot see why they should not protest—and vigorously protest—in print if they feel that they have been damned unjustly. If the critics enjoy the privilege of stating the case against the creators, surely the creators have the right to speak in their own behalf. Controversy is as healthy in the arts as it is in politics. The more heated it becomes, the more certain it is that people care.

I still remember from my days on the *New York Post* the pleasure that William Faversham, Pedro de Cordoba, and Tyrone Power gave me, perhaps unwittingly, when they jointly signed a letter to the editor damning me for having damned the revival of "Julius Caesar" in which they had appeared. I had described Mr. Power's Brutus as being "no more than a resounding set of vocal cords wrapped up in a toga." But they described me as having "a gelatinous mind," as lacking "the illusive quality that is possessed by gentlemen," as employing "a gutter vernacular," and as mistaking "hogwash for erudition." There was no question about it in my mind. These worthies "cared." They cared as vigorously as people should. And the theatre needs caring for just now.

In those distant days that he made golden by functioning as a dramatic critic, Mr. Shaw once wrote, "The artist who accounts for my personal disparagement by alleging personal animosity on my part is quite right. When people do less than their best, and do that less at once badly and self-complacently, I hate them, I loathe them, detest them, long to tear them limb from limb and strew them in gobbets about the stage or platform. . . . The true critic is the man who becomes your personal enemy on the sole provocation of a bad performance, and will only be appeased by a good (one)."

—Vandamm Studio

Betty Field, who dreams a brilliant Portia—with or without significance.

If critics can feel as passionately as this about the art they fancy they defend, heaven knows, artists are entitled to feel even more warmly about what they think they have created. Criticism is more than a review of a performance. It is itself a performance, however minor, in print. As such it is as open to attack as is the work it praises or condemns. The more criticism is challenged, the better for criticism and the theatre.

This is why I was sorry to have Mr. Anderson begin his statement to the public about "Truckline Cafe" by saying, "It never comes gracefully from a playwright to defend his work." The notion that the artist must suffer in silence is one of the many things wrong with our theatre. The art of self-defense may not be graceful, but it is manly. More than that, it is needed.

For this reason I, for one, am glad to see that the open season for critic-baiting is once again at hand. Apparently it is not limited to this country. From the *Times* I gather that in Paris this same Montague-Capulet feud has broken out. Some French dramatists, it seems, have announced their decision to print their ripostes on placards and post them on public walls (evidently with no regard for *defense d'afficher*), when their plays are abused by "unfeeling and dyspeptic" critics.

Nothing about the whole confusing business of criticism is more perplexing to the average reader than the fact that the critics generally do not agree even with one another. Sometimes we, whose profession is reviewing, are forced to wonder ourselves, as we read each other's notices, if we could possibly have been in the same theatre, on the same night, seeing the same play.

As a case in point, permit me to offer "Dream Girl." For some months now Elmer Rice's comedy has been going merrily on its way. In the process it has allowed Betty Field to act more parts in one evening, as a young maiden addicted to daydreams, than most actresses who are not monologists succeed in playing

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before the footlights in their entire careers.

Miss Field variously appears not only as her charming self but as she would dream her charming self if she were the defendant being tried for having shot, significantly enough, a reviewer, albeit in this instance only a book critic; if she were a young visitor to Mexico whose head is draped in a mantilla; a husky-voiced prostitute soliciting at a street corner; a member of the audience called up on the stage to play Portia brilliantly at a moment's notice; and if, indeed, she were as many other characters as Bernhardt must have dreamed of acting when, as was her wont, she used to nap in a casket. All this Miss Field does extremely well, in a production admirably set by Jo Mielziner and a script by Mr. Rice, which has been warmly received as entertainment both by the public and the critics.

But criticism, as I say, is a mysterious business. To at least one confrere, my good friend, Harry Bull, "Dream Girl" was not the amusing but empty stunt it has struck nearly everyone else as being. It was a serious play, to be taken very seriously; a drama as stuffed with meaning as a Victorian sofa is with horse hair. And what was that significance, so artfully concealed from innocent or blind eyes? This is the sixty-four dollar question.

Let me give the answer at once, since suspense comes high in the present paper shortage. "'The thundering third sex'" is Mr. Bull's reply in *Town & Country*. Lest this mislead you, permit me to say that Mr. Bull comes to the rescue with a marine's swiftness. The phrase is Philip Wylie's. He applied it as a lash to the Moms of America (mothers, to you and me, and any florist). Mr. Wylie and Mr. Bull had in mind those debilitating American mothers who to Mr. Bull's way of thinking are "so dangerously on the increase in the United States that the prospects of our producing a more adult generation, a generation that can handle immediate social responsibility, let alone the obligations of international sociology, are tragically thin."

In other words, to Mr. Bull it is Evelyn Varden, the expert actress in the minor part of the sneezing mother, who runs away with "Dream Girl." She even persuades Mr. Bull that "what Mr. Rice has done is to take something much closer to home, and more peculiarly American than race prejudice or post-war readjustment, something that is all around us and yet receives far less attention."

To those of us happy to learn, but

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BUY BONDS

not so saturated as Mr. Bull admits he is in such psychological tomes as Dr. Karen Horney's "The Neurotic Personality" or Dr. Theodor Reik's "A Psychologist Looks At Love," all this comes as a flash of heat lightning.

In my old-fashioned way, and having stopped with William James's "Psychology," I had not guessed that in "Dream Girl" Mr. Rice was launching a profound attack on the American mother. I had thought, and still think, that he was just writing a good, slick, serviceable show, and doing his domestic duty as a playwright-husband by providing his pretty and talented young wife with a part that any actress would like to play.

My guess is that Mr. Rice was as startled as I was by Mr. Bull's notice. But Mr. Bull has made clear to me a value in criticism I had overlooked. And this is surprise.

JOHN MASON BROWN

The Lass Who Sought A Sailor

THE PALE BLONDE OF SANDS STREET. By William Chapman White. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 224 *pp.* $2.50.

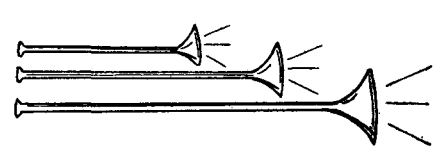
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS is a cleanly written, easily read tale that makes a pleasant demand upon the reader's interest, while exacting only a minimum of either emotional or intellectual collaboration. The author has mixed a kind of stock realism with a more original kind of fantasy, and has done so with deft success despite the difficulties of his task. It is all smooth and charming and a little whimsical, with passion that is never quite real and heartbreak that is never quite real; but such passion and such heartbreak are by most persons more easily endured, not to say enjoyed, than the genuine product, and there is little doubt that "The Pale Blonde of Sands Street" will delight many readers.

Johnny Smith, a young sailor from South Dakota, comes ashore on a twelve-hour pass determined to satisfy five wishes before he returns to duty. Meeting Katie Morrison in the early morning fog, at the very moment he is leaving the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Johnny finds himself with only four wishes left to go. And from there on the story moves happily through wishes two and three and four, with youthful charm, restrained sentiment, and easy humor, to the very verge of the realization of the last wish of all. But then, with Katie willing, and Johnny as inept as he is ardent, an old Irish coin comes fatefully into play. In a trice the lovers are separated, and thereafter Katie is doomed to seek Johnny in ship after ship, over all the seas of the world; and a most disturbing vision she proves to many men of the American Navy before her quest is ended.

With the ending of Katie's quest, Mr. White faced a problem. Its solution is, to my mind, the best feature of his book. But the solution required a slight change of tone, for, as the story ends, stock realism is making way for realism of a realer sort. Until that point, Katie is scarcely more substantial in her daytime incarnations than in her night-time flitting from ship to ship by virtue of Irish magic. She is a nice girl, any nice girl, and Jimmy is a nice young man, any nice young man. The complexities of human relationships are reduced to the simplicities favored by the producers of the sweeter and purer motion pictures—such pictures as "The Clock," for example. Indeed, if Hollywood had not abruptly ended its wartime cycle, "The Pale Blonde of Sands Street" might well be made as a variation (or "switcheroo") of "The Clock," with Judy Garland wearing a suitable wig, with Bob Walker changed from drab to blue, with the Gleasons, Jimmy and Lucille, slipping comfortably into character parts, and, of course, with the addition of fantastic sequences beautifully adaptable to the camera's artistry.

All of which adds up to the fact that this tale is excellent of its kind: the kind that used to be designated quite accurately as popular fiction.



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The Railroad That Is To Be

RAILROAD FOR TOMORROW. 1960. *By Edward Hungerford. Milwaukee: Kalmbach Publishing Co.* 1946. 323 *pp.* $5.

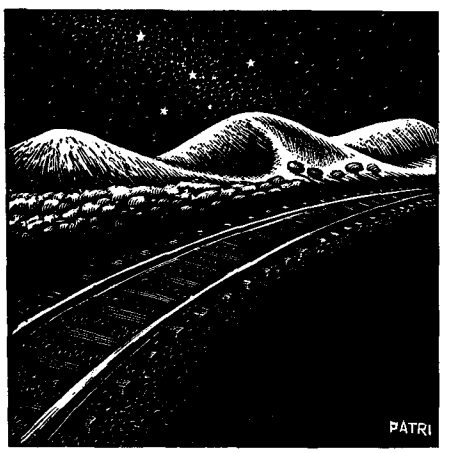
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

TO ANYBODY interested in railroads and railroading this is an informative book. It is also a provoking book, because it is really three volumes in one, and they are so commingled that they leave the reader at times breathlessly confused. First, it is an account (as seen through the eyes of a roving British journalist) of the railroads of the United States in 1960, after they had been integrated into one huge national system by an industrial genius named William Wiggins. Second, it is a description, expert and often fascinating, of the specific improvements that can well be installed on our railroads in the next ten years—improvements in engines, in passenger coaches, in dining cars, in terminals, in the correlation of airplanes and trucks with railways, and in the remapping of different systems.

Finally, and most interestingly, are the scattered and fragmentary reminiscences by Mr. Hungerford who has known our railroads and rail magnates intimately for decades—reminiscences of men like Daniel Willard, Loree, Samuel Rea, and the Van Sweringens; of the battles and treaties of the bigger lines; of the building of the big stations in New York, Cleveland, Chicago, and other cities; of railroad control under McAdoo; of times of boom and days of bankruptcy. All this makes a potpourri which the reader has to sort out for himself, but which is worth the sorting.

In his picture of the great unified system that he thinks the country ought to have in 1960, the United States Railroad, with tracks straightened, useless competition eliminated, and services coördinated, Mr. Hungerford has given us a blueprint which will make many railroadmen uncomfortable in a double sense. It indicates how much waste and inconvenience attach to the present situation, with a congeries of big and little lines imperfectly systematized by the I.C.C. It also suggests that before many decades pass an iron hand may be needed to bring order and economy out of the semi-chaos; and there can be little doubt as to the identity of that hand.

The author creates an indomitable tycoon, Wiggins, who first unifies the railroads of New England (he began as a Maine boy), and then with advice from Herbert Hoover goes on to integrate those of the United States, paying for securities in new four percent stock-and-bond issues guaranteed by the United States Treasury. It becomes possible to run thirteen-hour trains from New York to Chicago, and fifty-four-hour trains from Washington to San Francisco. Passengers revel in unprecedented speed, comfort, and convenience; super-freight-trains handle enormous quantities of merchandise; efficiency (with feather-bedding abolished) gives employes higher pay, engineers making up to $500 a month. All this may be possible. But where shall we get our Wiggins? If the dream is ever realized, his name will probably be United States Government. Even if there is a Wiggins who creates the one great system, when he dies the government will probably fall heir to his empire. Bright as the picture is, it will raise worries in the mind of our railroad presidents and indeed of all opponents of government ownership.



When Mr. Hungerford turns to improvements that are immediately practicable, he has much to say that will make a tired traveller's eyes light up. Those who have bumped about the country in antique day-coaches, and have tried to get a shipment through in less than Methuselah time, will be delighted if even half his fancies come true. These astradome stream-lined coaches, passengers sitting in glass and steel bubbles to view the scenery; these new sleeping-cars all individual rooms, and dining-cars with tables set in triangles; these new non-change transcontinentals; these shiny stations, with "helioports" atop; these gas-turbine locomotives, whisking steel-and-plywood boxcars through the countryside at lightning gait; these new two-to-five ton containers for package freight, which can be lifted instantly from or to a truck-chassis—they are all described as perfectly easy to install.

A great many photographs, sketches, and diagrams bulwark Mr. Hungerford's persuasive text. He explains, too, how railroad improvements will help to decentralize industry, reduce manufacturing costs, and make city and country alike more pleasantly livable. May his progressive ideas find lodgment in railroad offices! May many of them be put into effect before the present generation grows old and gray!

But the best part of Mr. Hungerford's book lies in the scattered reminiscent passages. They are so good that we may hope he will yet do a full-length autobiography. He began his career, as he says, as officer in the old Wells-Fargo express office. During his long activity he has known the whole generation of railroad leaders who followed Jim Hill, E. H. Harriman, Collis P. Huntington (of whom he speaks more respectfully than most Californians do), and Henry Villard. Some of them, such as the redoubtable Daniel Willard (Mr. Hungerford is the historian of the Baltimore & Ohio), and the scholarly L. F. Loree, he could call intimate friends, who gave him their confidence. He has followed railroad history through many ups and downs—through the tight controls of the First World War, through the speculative twenties, and through the grim depression years that brought so many to or near bankruptcy.

The author probably knows more about the overall picture of railroad operation today than any man alive; he can explain why half of the Boston & Albany is strong and half is weak, and why the Alameda Street Station of the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific in Los Angeles is a poor station despite its easy accessibility.

Besides, he can fling into a two-page footnote a thumbnail sketch of the Van Sweringens of Cleveland and their operations which is a real addition to history. These brief reminiscences are of course a little out of place in a book about the United States Railroad of 1960; they are just tossed in as background. But they are illuminating. Nor are the glimpses of British and French railroad practice which the author gives us less valuable.

Altogether, this is an interesting if ill-arranged and none too well digested book. The reader will have to sort out the three parts, but each of them is worth reading. No doubt by 1960 much of the book will excite a smile, but some of it may be regarded as authentic prophecy.

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A NOVEL BY

Jim Phelan

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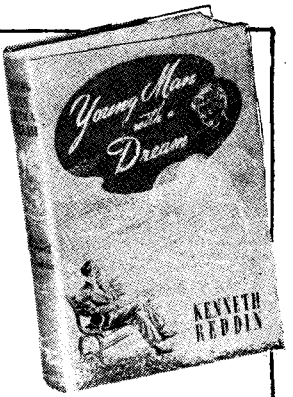

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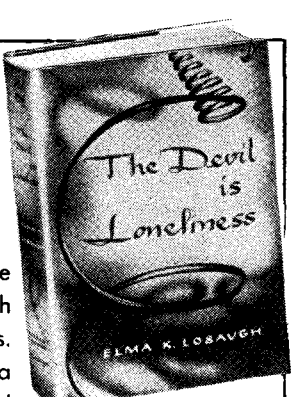

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HEARING THINGS

WANTED: A MUSICAL PUBLIC

AMERICAN literature holds a leading place in world culture, but American music is still relatively unrecognized. It is unreasonable to assume that native musicians are essentially inferior creatively to native writers, and it is contrary to the concept of the unity of cultural life that one branch of art should lag miles behind its contemporaries. What then is the explanation?

There is a great difference in nature between a literary and a musical public. The literary public is a group only by virtue of our imagination; actually it is made up of distinct—even distant—individual readers, each one of whose experience is unshared. The literary public is the most decentralized cultural phenomenon. It is for this reason that national literatures exert such an immense influence on public affairs, for the millions of readers, sitting by their fireplaces, imbue themselves with the ideas emanating from literary works, taking part in the formation of a new public opinion.

In contradistinction, musical life is bound to a mass of people welded together; without a public a musical session remains lifeless; it comes to life only if it kindles resonance in a number of sympathetic souls. Only in exceptional cases does music serve solitary enjoyment; the outward reaction to music is the rolling thunder of applause or the cold shower of indifference, which in the literary field can be found only in the theatre. Musical culture rests, then, on an orderly social life in an urban civilization; it can flourish only where there is an intelligent middle class, where musical gatherings are traditional and customary.

The prerequisites of a musical culture are here in abundance, and the development of music in the last seventy-five years in this country has been truly phenomenal. In the sixties and seventies of the last century, when our national literature was already highly developed and honored everywhere, there were no American composers of comparable stature—our entire musical life depended on importations. American musical associations and institutions were bastions of European art. Even in the nineties, although the musical public had widened considerably, the Germanic element was still dominant. Yet a certain demand for American music had been unmistakably present for some decades, and our composers tried to satisfy this demand by including "American motives" in an otherwise typically Central European musical fabric. The American details can be lifted out of such works like the ornamental inlays in furniture, for the two seldom form a true bond. Some of these same composers who attempted thus to Americanize music were worthy contemporaries of their European colleagues when they wrote just plain sonatas, orchestral pieces, or songs. And that is in itself a great station in the history of American music. Edward MacDowell's works were published by the leading German publishers, who carried the American's compositions along with their principal German composers' output, thereby formally recognizing the coming of age of the American composer.

The old law of economics, supply and demand, is valid in musical life too, although with one important modification: new products do not come within its jurisdiction. A new industrial or literary product is brought immediately to the public's attention. New products of music are kept out of general circulation as much as possible with a certain show of decorum (*i.e.*, invidious comparison with "the classics") lest they frighten away the reliable consumer of the concert industry. American creative activity in music is closely determined by this law of our musical

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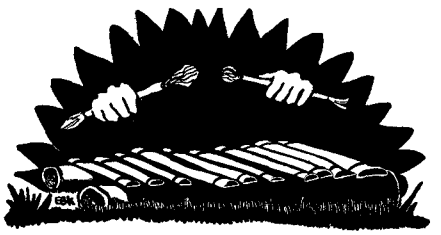
life. In the absence of old traditions, and as a natural consequence of the date of our musical maturity, we had to do without the sine qua non of a musical culture—chamber music and other intimate types of music. Thus the backbone of a musical civilization, an independent national "house music," could not become the warming hearth of our musical life. In a healthy musical development concert life is nothing other than the natural consequence, an augmentation, of "family music," just as divine service in the church is really a higher, more solemn summation of the religious cult of the home. Attendance at concerts does not require such intensive immersion in the art as the practice of chamber music, vocal or instrumental, hence our musical life became one-sidedly a cult of public concerts from which there was missing a creative kernel. Our elaborate musical world, if it was not merely stylish, was superficial, for this concert life was not the crown of the tree but borrowed foliage hung on undeveloped limbs. It was this inverted evolution which kept out composers until fairly recent times from the cultivation of intimate music. Nevertheless, the interest in European music, the large number of concerts, the transplantation of European chamber music, and the remarkable growth of musical instruction had created, by the turn of the century, a musical life of vast proportions.

It is a fact, of course, that the main artery of this rich musical practice was the concert industry—*i.e.*, business—allied with a certain snobbish social patronage, and it is equally true that the color of this musical life was entirely international. But its vividness created the prerequisites for more serious musical activity. The public had not yet changed materially; it was still largely unable to enjoy anything but Carnegie Hall shows and their equivalent in our large cities, but it had caught up with much of the traditional European concert public.

It was in these days, just preceding the war of 1914, that a new generation of American composers made its appearance, and with them begins a new chapter in the history of music in America. Today we possess an imposing list of native composers who write music for a unified and intelligent public. This music is American, not because it quotes American motives, but because it is rooted here. The products of a truly national art are of international significance, for they do not depend only on local color, but speak the Bible of universal humanity. Our present-day com-



posers—a large number of them—have absorbed the foreign elements; they no longer insert American motives in European frames but speak in individual forms with an individual language. That this individual language often reminds one of the motives of American popular music is natural, for these composers do not borrow their materials, they grow along with them. And these new composers do compose intimate music—some of the best string quartets of the last two decades are American works—and it is now up to us to encourage their use. For what is still missing is a public ready and eager to listen. The foundations of an American musical culture are here, but a lasting structure can be built upon it only by a sincere, understanding, and interested public.

PAUL HENRY LANG.

When Woman Ruled the Roost

INTIMATIONS OF EVE. By Vardis Fisher. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1946. 331 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

"INTIMATIONS of Eve" is the third of Mr. Fisher's projected series of novels in which he plans to trace the origins and development of human thinking. Here we are still in the time of naked, primitive men squatting outside their rudimentary huts. They have just barely moved from awareness of a physical environment to a more agonizing consciousness of other presences: ghosts, the malignant spirits of the dead, the supernatural powers of air and earth and sun and moon, all the invisible beings that people the darkness of night and lurk in the obscurity of the thicket. Now every event and accident is ascribed to a purposeful force operating somewhere against them, and it is natural that they invent magic with which to meet the enemy. And the first, although not the last, keeper of magic is the woman, who performs the magic of birth, who has some unaccountable personal relationship with the cycles of the moon, and who has taken over the mastery and ownership of the family group—the principle of paternity being unknown.

It is a matriarchy, then, with man a strangely tentative and almost external member of the group. Here we behold him typified by one who is called Raven, personifying the dark bird he admires and therefore has eaten. Mr. Fisher makes the point again and again that the man Raven turns to many of his creative pursuits to symbolize his dissatisfaction with his social role, which is certainly good modern psychology, whether or not it is accurate anthropology or an accurate diagnosis of the origin of art. Thus, it is out of jealousy over the woman's birth-magic and rain-magic that Raven evolves a magic of his own, that of the amulet, the protective stone, (and, incidentally, the first loin-garment, or garment of any kind). His laziness is a protest against the constant order of the woman: "Go! Find food!" And out of laziness he evolves lies, tales, and eventually labor-saving devices. One weakness of Mr. Fisher's history, it seems to me, is his centering of man's development in the one man, Raven, who is made personally responsible for the creation of the amulet, the invention of the canoe, and, intellectually more wonderful, an objective, agnostic thinking about magic. Raven is, in other words, a genius; and a genius is not a good example of the way men develop inside a society. The book becomes inevitably a history of Raven, and opens again the old question of Carlyle's hero in history.

Another weakness, less fundamental, is the presence here and there of what may be called the interpolated comment, in sentences like this one: "There was not among these people, and there would not be among people for a long time to come, the kind of love-making that is today called romance." These professorial asides disturb the fabric of immediacy that Mr. Fisher is otherwise working so hard, and with considerable success, to create. For the fabric is there—the sense of that obscure struggle of early man to grope forward through swaddling mists of sub-consciousness, toward knowledge. Just how far he can come, and has come, and how his past and his means have determined this, is evidently to be the burden of the books Mr. Fisher has still to write. It is a fascinating project. Inevitably his interpretations—as indicated in this volume—are going to be conjectural and debatable. They are also, by the same token, going to be philosophically suggestive, perhaps diagnostic of the quality of modern man, and certainly exciting reading.

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EARNEST ALBERT HOOTON, B.A., ScD., M.A., Ph.D., B.Litt., the great Harvard anthropologist has this to say about *Detective Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte,* the hero of ARTHUR W. UPFIELD'S books:

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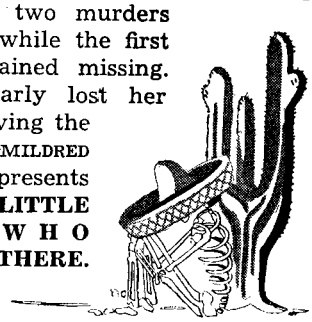
Bucky Johnson found a dead body in the trunk of her car. She returned to Luz del Sol ranch and within an hour the body disappeared. A cloudburst isolated the whole party at the ranch for three days—and during that time two murders occurred, while the first body remained missing. *Bucky* nearly lost her life in solving the mysteries MILDRED GORDON presents in **THE LITTLE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE.**



Two Days on Peleliu

CORAL COMES HIGH. By George P. Hunt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1946. 147 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT A. LOW

GEORGE P. HUNT, a young Marine captain who fought with the famed First Division in the South Pacific, has written in "Coral Comes High" a stirring testimonial to the United States Marine Corps. While reading this book, one is reminded of an earlier one—"Into the Valley," by John Hersey—which in much the same manner impressed the reader with the all but superhuman and yet all-in-the-day's-work fighting qualities of the Marine Corps. Hunt, like Hersey, has taken a single incident from a collection of incidents which together formed a major engagement.

"Coral Comes High" is concerned with the part played by a rifle company under the command of Captain Hunt in the assault on Peleliu Island during September 1944, and with the two days of bitter combat following the original landing. The author and his men (most of them under twenty years old) had the grave responsibility of capturing a high position—the Point—from which the Japanese were able to rake the entire beachhead with murderous mortar and machine-gun fire. Retention of the Point by the enemy might well have imperilled our overall efforts to gain a foothold on the island.

> The Point, rising fifty feet above the water's edge [Hunt writes], was of solid, jagged coral, a rocky mass of sharp pinnacles, deep crevasses, tremendous boulders. Pillboxes, reinforced with steel and concrete, had been dug or blasted in the base of the perpendicular drop to the beach. Others, with coral and concrete piled six feet on top, were constructed above, and spider holes were blasted around them for the protecting infantry.

It was this point that Company K took from the enemy in the first day of fighting and held for two nights and a day against every maneuver, fanatical and ingenious, that the Japanese could devise. Surrounded on three sides and with their backs to the ocean, the company survived until relief arrived the morning of the third day.

Captain Hunt has described the hell endured by himself and his men on the Point with simplicity and feeling. The first night in particular was one of terror and fear. "When one lies in a hole peering intently into the black, listening, smelling, hearing only the sound of one's breathing, waiting, expecting, the stillness may become appalling," the author writes, "dead objects may rise slowly and live, the motionless may move, sounds of leaves stirred by the breeze may become the sneaking movements of human feet, a friend may be an enemy, an enemy a friend."

For his own personal leadership and heroism in the action, the author was decorated with the Navy Cross. Of the 235 men who stormed ashore, 157 were killed or wounded.

The strength of the book lies in the ability of the author to write with modesty and to give a factual report of what occurred, without adding the trimmings of the public relations people which so often adorn a war story.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Queen: "There Was an Old Woman." Upheld: "Winds of Evil." Addis: "Night Over the Wood." Carter: "Old Mrs. Camelot." Eberhart: "The Dark Garden." Fair: "Cats Prowl at Night." Knight: "Terror by Twilight." Wentworth: "The Chinese Shawl." Woolrich: "Black Orchids." Seeley: "The Chuckling Fingers." Collins: "The Moonstone." Shane: "Lady in a Million." Hammett: "The Thin Man." Irvine: "77 Willow Road." Holding: "Old Battle-axe." Cheyney: "It Couldn't Matter Less." Rinehart: "The Man in Lower Ten." Christie: "Murder of Roger Ackroyd." Carpenter: "Experiment Perilous." Cunningham: "The Affair at the Boat Landing." Paul: "I'll Hate Myself in the Morning." Seeley: "The Listening House." Mason: "The House That Hate Built." Lowndes: "The Lodger." Rinehart: "The Circular Staircase." Poe: "The Gold Bug." Phillpotts: "The Grey Room." Reisner: "Shadows on the Wall." Wallis: "Too Many Bones." Macardle: "The Uninvited." Ambler: "Coffin for Dimitrios." Woolrich: "The Black Path of Fear." Doyle: "The Hound of the Baskervilles." Larlar: "The Man with the Lumpy Nose." Millar: "Dark Tunnel." Christie: "Sad Cypress." Seeley: "The Crying Sisters." Christie: "Appointment with Death." Marlett: "Better Escape While I Can." Davis: "Let the Skeletons Rattle." Street: "Too Many Suspects." Woolrich: "Black Alibi." Punshon: "Night's Cloak." Rogers: "Don't Look Behind You." Shriber: "Pattern for Murder." Christie: "Remembered Death." Knight: "Stream Sinister." Hoster: "Goodbye, Dear Elizabeth." Dean: "Dead Man's Float." Forester: "Payment Deferred." Crane: "The Applegreen Cat." Walling: "The Corpse with the Floating Foot." Addis: "The Dark Voyage Began." Irish: "Phantom Lady."

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TOWARDS A MORALIZED SOCIETY

(*Continued from page 6*)

interpretation of the philosopher's role, on the kind of philosophy one holds and not on philosophy in general. At this point, again, the discussion ceases to be neutral and reflects the writer's philosophical tenets, although not, let it be hoped, his crotchets.

The fundamental problems of the post-war epoch are moral problems. They are variations of one problem, which is to render the interaction of interests innocent or beneficent rather than injurious. The mark of a moral solution or a moral advance is the substitution of constructive life enhancement for destructive death-dealing, or of coöperation for conflict. In the domestic area the conflicts to be resolved are racial, regional, partisan, religious, and a hundred others, but above all economic. The economic conflicts of today have assumed characteristic forms which reflect the growth of industrialization: finance versus industry; big business versus little business; agriculture versus industry; employer versus labor; private economy versus government; collectivism versus individualism. Amidst all these conflicts there is a common purpose, which is to utilize the resources and forces of nature, advancing technology, and the social capacity for large-scale organization so as to raise the standard of living for all concerned. The purpose of an economy is to align and realign the interests of man so that they will supplement and confirm one another instead of annulling, cancelling, retarding, undoing. Because new interests are always entering the field, and because the total yield of organized society and the portions enjoyed by its members are always capable of increase, the task is never finished. But the moral direction remains the same, and in proportion as society moves in that direction it may be said to become more and more moralized.

The problem of war and peace is the same in principle as the domestic problems, but different in its scale and extent. As societies become more completely organized internally, and better equipped with the products of human invention, their collision with one another becomes more catastrophic. A war between two monster coalitions, each armed by modern science, and unified by a common fear of the other, might be the penultimate stage of human history, followed only by a return to the original cave. This is not a phantasm begotten by

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exaggerated fears, but a logical deduction from the failure to extend morality to the relations between those organized societies which we call nations and states. The idea of a universal polity, a universal economy, a body of universal law, by which the principles of justice and humanity are carried into every human relationship across every frontier, is congenial to the philosophic mind. Philosophy conceived this idea in antiquity and has cherished it ever since against the day when its adoption might be forced by the experience of disaster and by the sense of impending doom. The steady and perpetual reaffirmation of this idea of universality amidst the chills and fevers of popular feeling, and against the short sight and memory of the popular mind, becomes the peculiar responsibility of the philosopher.

This is a major responsibility of the *teacher* of philosophy. The moral meaning of the social institutions and sciences, the moral obligations of the natural sciences and the arts, the moral criterion of civilization and progress, tend in this age of specialized techniques to be nobody's business, except that busybody's who teaches philosophy. It is quite possible for a student to be "educated" without having ever heard of these moralities, unless he happens to stray into a philosophical classroom. And even there he will hear nothing of them if the teacher at the desk is inhibited by the fear that by mentioning morality he might influence his students' wills and not merely their abstract intellects. It would be better if the moral implications were a recognized part of every subject, but so long as this is not the case the teacher of philosophy is obliged to accept as a part of his mission the supplying of the omissions of his colleagues.

Morality is not the only theme of philosophy. It is the duty of philosophy not only to press the claims of morality, but also to recognize and proclaim its limits. Morality is the frame of civilization but not its flesh and blood. It makes men free, but it does not prescribe how they shall use their freedom. The philosopher may not overlook anything. Through preoccupation with the orderly requirements of morality he must not ignore the flights of the imagination, the warmth and delicacy of feeling, the preferences of taste, or the soaring hopes of the human heart. He is not allowed to limit the task of thinking by the adoption of any predetermined technique. He sets limits only in order to transcend them. He thinks around and not within boundaries. In the act of defining exact thinking he acknowledges inexact thinking. He recognizes faith as well as knowledge, and must settle the account between them. As he witnesses the advance of science into the two infinities, the infinite of extension and the infinite of division, the philosopher will meditate upon the corresponding increase of the domain of ignorance as well as upon the increased possibilities of knowledge. He must perpetually revise his report of the world to take account not only of the changing outlook, but also changes in the world itself.

The substance of the matter is that philosophy has today a supreme opportunity if philosophers will be true to their calling. It is still, as it always has been, the mission of philosophy to take the most inclusive possible view of things, at the risk of overextending itself, at the risk of overstepping the bounds of assured fact, at the risk of logical uncertainty, at the risk of ill-repute among men of affairs and exponents of common sense. But nothing could be more fatuous than the attempt of philosophy to compete with the specialists, and to measure itself by standards which are contrary to its genius. There is nothing which philosophy has to offer except philosophy.

If they are to serve mankind philosophers must believe in philosophy. They must first of all rid themselves of the spirit of defeatism. They must be honest and careful but not timid. They must be respectful to, but unafraid of, science. The history of science has not invalidated or rendered meaningless any of the traditional terms of philosophical discourse — nature, universe, order, whole, substance, potentiality, causality, reality, freedom, purpose, consciousness, good, beauty, truth, soul, God. There is no reason why philosophy should surrender these unities or aspects of the world to those who approach them from physics, through biology, physiology, and that no man's land now called psychology. If

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there is an obligation of philosophy to square with physics, there is no less an obligation of physics to square with philosophy.

Philosophers themselves have trivialized philosophy. In skepticism they have lost their nerve. Through emphasis on the cult of resignation they have made philosophy the opium of the intelligentsia. Through yielding the control of events to physics they have rendered themselves superfluous. Having unmeshed its cogs from the dynamism of nature, they have made of philosophy a sort of lost motion or mere fanning of the air. They have sold their birthright for a mess of—positivism. Through their preoccupation with conceptual analysis, the a priori, and the eternal, they have abandoned the realm of temporal actuality, and reduced philosophy to the dignity of a cross-word, or at best a jig-saw, puzzle.

The old speculative quest, stimulated by cosmic wonder, straining the eye of the mind beyond all horizons, emulating the patience and scrupulousness of science, but not its cautions and negations, emulating also the invention of poetry and the faith of religion—this quest will not be abandoned. If philosophy does not conduct this quest it will be taken over by other and less qualified agencies, and called by another name. Nothing will then be left of philosophy so-called but its professors and the echo of its past. The need itself is perennial. It springs from the situation of man, as one who, living in some here and now, surrounded by successive zones of diminishing light, and striving perpetually to increase the radius of illumination, extends sense by perception and thought, and thought by imagination.

A Real Primer

A PSYCHIATRIC PRIMER FOR THE VETERAN'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS. By Alexander G. Dumas, M.D., and Grace Keen. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 1945. 214 *pp.* $2.00.

Reviewed by BERTRAM L. LEWIN, M.D.

CHIEFLY through anecdotes this book portrays the problems, marital and occupational, of the returning service man. In succession it takes up the normal, the physically disabled, the psychotic, and the neurotic. It gives advice, it reassures, and it tells where aid may be obtained. It is clear, instructive, and very elementary—perhaps too elementary in regard to psychiatric concepts. However, it truthfully declares itself a primer.

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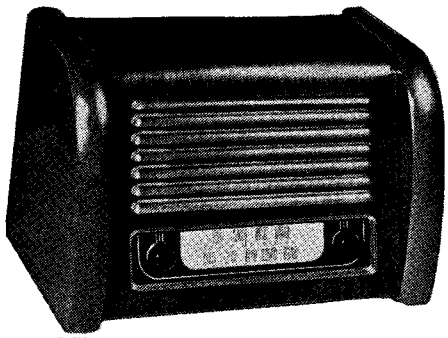

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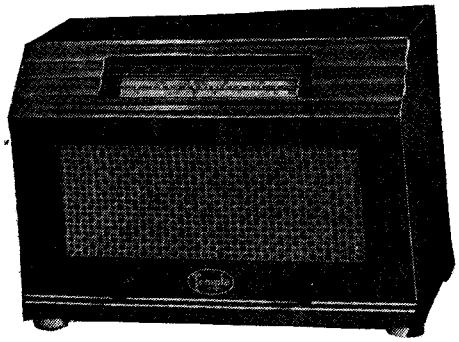

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING: *Balance*	ENGINEERING: *Realism*	ENGINEERING: *Surface*	REMARKS
DOHNANYI, SUITE IN F# Los Angeles Philh. Wallenstein. Decca DA 433 (3) $3.50	Very heavily recorded — popular style; pickup may "buzz." Good realism, esp. in bass instruments.		B+	One of Decca's infrequent classicals—opulent music, cross between Brahms & Kostelanetz. Good playing and a worth-while album.
BEETHOVEN, SYMPHONY #6 N. Y. City Symph. Stokowski Victor M 1032 (5) $5.50	Best in realism; fine orchestral perspective.		A—	This symphony is certainly open to differing readings; all 3 versions worth hearing. Many interesting diffs. in detail work. Stokowski strings weak, but not a bad interpretation, beautifully recorded. Mitropoulos is fast, dynamic. Toscanini slower, somewhat cold.
Other versions: BBC Symph. Toscanini Victor M 417 (5) $5.50	Good; not as effective as new Stokowski version.		B+	
Minneapolis Symph. Mitropoulos Columbia M 401 (5) $5.50	Thin tone, lacking in bass.		B—	
CALYPSO Lord Invader, Lord Beginner; Felix & his Internationals. Disc 614 (3 10") $2.75	Good balance voice & orch.	Excellent realism. Words easy to get.	B+	Representative of Asch's work (Asch, Disc, Union) in the "folk" field: authentic, non-B'way music, often crude but entirely natural. Best of real Calypso.

IT WILL be noticed that a number of the above albums rate a subnormal score on surface noise. It is apparent that the smaller companies are still coming out on the short end of the available supply of record material (and the same is true in the new plastic field). On the other hand Decca, anything but a small company, has had notoriously bad surfaces on many of its records.

It has been particularly distressing in the last few years to find that really fine work on the part of various small concerns—Musicraft, Asch, Hargail, Timely, Schirmer, and the like—has been virtually ruined by the excessively poor surfaces released. In the radio field many of these records are unfit for any broadcast, even with the best of filtering systems.

Another aspect of the record scratch situation is one that causes no end of vexation in the judging of surface noise for these columns. The actual surface sound is a perfectly definite quantity, and comparisons between recordings are simple enough. But the effect on the ear (and mind) is another matter altogether.

Continuously loud music masks even excessive surface noise. But music with long soft passages, or pregnant silences (the prelude to "Tristan," for instance) makes even slight surface noise highly distracting for the listener. And this subjective, apparent effect varies continuously from point to point and record to record. Moreover, a loud but absolutely steady hiss is far less objectionable than a softer but irregular surface noise, especially one with a pronounced rhythm that conflicts with the rhythm of the music. (This factor depends partly on the pick up and amplifier used; certain systems produce a rhythm where others reproduce a perfectly smooth hiss from the same record.) Still other factors enter when a record is warped or mildewed and develops a lop-sided hiss.

Quite aside from hissing noises are the assorted ticks and crackles, both irregular and maddeningly regular, which come from impurities in the material or from slight imperfections. And here, to confound confusion, the newer records suffer a further indignity; for the lower the actual hiss-level, the more noticeable and irritating are these other extraneous sounds. Many tiny clicks and bumps, once safely drowned in the smooth-flowing hiss, are now uncovered as new irritants.

It is this complex situation which your reviewer faces each time a new record comes up for technical grading. Subjective or objective—which shall it be?

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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THE DISJUNCTION OF FREEDOM

(*Continued from page 7*)

even of dearly beloved relatives still in Russia, lives to this day hardly in freedom, since he must continually change his residence, or is convinced he must, to escape the Soviet NKVD in the United States.

"I Chose Freedom" reads like a novel, not a political discourse. It is the story of personal reactions and human behavior in Stalin's realm. And it is going to be very difficult to answer, for though Kravchenko conceals a few names in the hope of protecting certain individuals, he names and locates almost all personalities, places, factories, villages—the name of one, he tells me, is faked for the simple reason that he himself cannot remember it. It was but one in a series of villages where he helped carry out the great land "reform."

And speaking of "Personal History," Kravchenko's throbbing book had hardly left my hands when I picked up Vincent Sheean's "This House Against This House," in which, as in all his books, he carries on that combination of meditation and reportage which distinguished his earlier "Personal History." In it, Mr. Sheean struggles with the concept of Communism and freedom, and seems to find a satisfactory answer only in the proposition that some peoples are "born free"—like himself—and others do not wish freedom thrust upon them.

> Things taken for granted lo these many centuries by *unthinking* Anglo-Saxons have created the *climate* of freedom, in which political rights gradually grow up and ultimately appear to overshadow all the rest. . . . The Western mind is made numb by the *novelty* of a system which, like that of the Soviet Union, proposes to give unparalleled effect to the one by annihilating the other—sets out to create a social, economic, intellectual, and political *democracy* so universal and *profound* that it would surpass anything we have ever known in that direction, but does so by means of the abolition of practically everything we could *easily recognize* as freedom. The Western mind is . . . unready, indeed unable, to make the *logical disjunction between democracy and freedom* [and] falls into *pathetic* confusion when it attempts to understand a scheme based upon that disjunction. . . .
>
> The fact is, of course, that the Russians have no historical experience of freedom, no genuine understanding of it, or *desire for it*, and have, on the whole, regarded it as the easiest of all the sacrifices . . . to the better world of which they dream.*

*The italics are the reviewer's.

Now Mr. Kravchenko, not being given to philosophical or dialectic meditation upon "disjunctions," simply reports a state of affairs that exists where freedom is so "easily" sacrificed. And it turns out that there is no "novelty" about this system, however it may originally have been conceived in the minds of theoreticians. The disjunction of democracy and freedom has created anti-democracy, a neo-Ivan-the-Terribilism, where for the monarch-owner of all the land and wealth, and the monarch-disposer of all human lives, and the court-intrigues of an hereditary nobility, are substituted a party-bureaucracy as divorced from the masses as any tsar who ever ruled, and without a trace of the concept, even, of *noblesse oblige*.

Of course, this concept of my friend Mr. Sheean, that some people naturally are born free and others have no inkling of the meaning of freedom, is contradictory to nature itself. If man, merely as an animal, before he is in possession of full consciousness, did not have an *instinct* for freedom, no child would ever walk, totter, fall, rise, and fall again. No two-year-old baby (of any race or historical inheritance, Mr. Sheean) would ever yell, if being able to walk, he is put even into the topless cage of a baby pen. Not to be able to move, to be held to a job, to live in constant fear that an error of action or word may land you in a forced labor squad, a concentration camp, or a torture chamber, are hateful and horrible to all men, everywhere, under the sun. Mr. Kravchenko might reply:

> The toad beneath the harrow knows
> Exactly where each toothpoint goes,
> The butterfly upon the road,
> Preaches contentment to that toad.

The butterflies of our philosophical apologists for liberty-less democracy, for regimes under which they themselves would become the first rebels or the first victims, have in Mr. Kravchenko's book a description of the life of the toad, who in the lower masses is the toad beneath the harrow and in the ruling heirarchy is merely a toady. Philosophy and dialectic must also take account of facts, and especially must those philosophers who appeal to "scientific" Marxism. Kravchenko, being an engineer in the mechanical sciences, which are based on inductive, factual observations and tests, tells us the facts and the facts speak louder than the philosophies.

And those apologists must explain

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why, if there is no instinct for freedom in the Russian people and if the "disjunction" has created the wider value (to them) of equality, whole regiments of Russian soldiers deserted in this war to the enemy—a phenomenon characteristic of no Western armies; or why the greatest problem amongst displaced persons of all creeds and religions, including Jews, is that the vast majority of them do not want to go home to the Soviet Union, or to any part of Eastern Europe where the Soviet Union controls; or why tens of thousands of Tito's liberated Jugoslavs had to be pushed back into their homeland by the British, in the neighboring province of Austrian Carinthia, women and children howling and weeping—a most dolorous sight; or why the Russian armies are the only ones that apparently enjoy occupying other countries and are not clamoring to be relieved. It would seem that there is, indeed, a vast disjunction — between the minds, souls, and yearnings of the people, and the regime that has "liberated" them.

Mr. Kravchenko's book is dynamite under illusions. The illusion of the efficiency of Russian factories! Chapter and verse, he tells of the "Potemkin" reports, forged for the higher-ups, to make the production figures correspond with "quotas" that could not be met because the very materials to meet the quotas were not forthcoming. The illusion of the shrewd Russian policy, quieting the Germans while arming and preparing to swoop. Mr. Kravchenko denies that the government ever expected the German attack, or, if it did, was grossly negligent of its duty to prepare for defense—and he describes what was going on in the factories when the Russian people were in danger of their lives, and the Toady press was praising Hitlerism. The illusion about the conspiring Kulaks, who were merely Russian peasants, devoted to an ancient, free, and democratic village life, and were proletarianized by the most brutal force; the myth of the tender heart of the bureaucratic masters for all Russian children—a heart which turned them by the tens of thousands into starving waifs and strays; the myth of the respect for religion, as answered by organized desecration of the peasants' symbols of holiness in a village church; the myth that the system brings to the top the most self-sacrificing and devoted, as exemplified in the brutal minds and manners of many entrusted with enormous power, and in the exodus from the scene of the purest and most noble.

And, above all, the myth of "equality." The Russia Mr. Kravchenko describes is a country divided with absolute sharpness into masses and classes, the former indoctrinated with the "virtues" of humility, obedience, simplicity, and faith that there will be "pie in the sky by and by," living meanwhile on a sub-Balkan level, in one of the world's naturally richest countries, ill fed, ill clad, and ill housed, and kept down in their complaints by the knout; the latter extravagant, haughty, conceited with the conceit of those who owe their rise to active elbows and obsequious flattery in the right places, set aloof from the common herd by every real and symbolic vestment of superiority and power.

So factually documented a story as this, being difficult to answer in fact, will certainly be attacked on the ground that the translator or rewriter doctored the manuscript of the author, who knows hardly any English. Such gossip is already being disseminated. But Mr. Kravchenko's fact-trained mind led him to insist that the first translation be re-translated by another translator into Russian, so that he could check whether or not he was being exactly represented. He did the same with passages rewritten for smoother English from the original translation. Mr. Maxwell Perkins, of Scribner's, is my authority for this, for I was unwilling to review the book until I was certain that it was exactly Mr. Kravchenko's and no other's.

Yet—and this is the honesty of the book—it makes one aware that the Russian revolution *did* release vast initiatives and energies, *did* throw up leaders of singular purity and self-abnegation, *did* offer an epochal hope for humanity, and that all the talents, the deep native democracy, the simple brotherliness, the mighty—and instinctively religious—soul of the Russian people, are still alive and glowing. The man who wrote this book loves his people, is convinced that they can be "trusted" with self-government, and passionately believes that, given the chance to choose, they, like he, and like us, would choose—Freedom.

Savants in Exile

RENAISSANCE. Revue Trimestrielle. Volumes II et III. Edited by Henri Grégoire and Alexandre Koyre. New York: Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes. 1946. 541 *pp.* $5.50.

Reviewed by PIERCE ROBERTS

FOR the past three years the remarkable group of French and Belgian scholars at the New York Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes has, four times a year, published this magazine—and intends to go on publishing it, although the emergency that brought it to life no longer exists. It is a scholarly magazine in the best sense of the word, beautifully printed, a publication of catholic breadth and, I dare say, less arid than the run-of-the-mill university quarterly.

In an introduction to the recent issue of *Renaissance* its *spiritus rector*, the famous Byzantine scholar, Henri Grégoire, quite rightly remarks that enumerations are even more mortifying than "transitions." Still I know of no better way of giving you an inkling of the wealth and the variety of this French-language magazine than by listing some of the subjects dealt with in one issue. Marc Chagall has contributed a few limpid pages on contemporary French painting, while the ethnologist Claude Lévi-Strauss publishes an illustrated paper on comparative primitive art. There is an article by Denis de Rougemont, "Les règles de jeu dans l'art romanesque," which is a fine essay on the story - teller - audience relationship. The "closed systems" — Calvinism, racism, and Marxism—form the theme of a consummate essay by Paul Schrecker, the philosopher. Jean-Sylvain Weiller offers a critical survey of recent economic theories and their evolutions, and John L. LaMotte a chapter, not a little surprising in its implications, on the papacy and the crusades. The richly annotated translation by Professor Grégoire himself of a Russian twelfth-century epic will interest even those who are alien to the labors and joys of philology. These are but a few of many contributions of interest.

One might wish for more space devoted in future copies to the intellectual life of present-day France. But all wishing aside, the valiant efforts of the French and Belgian savants and their achievements in a time so little favorable to the quiet of their studies deserve our highest admiration. The mutual flow of thoughts from one country to another is indispensable to the reconstruction of all.

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Messengers

WHEN one has screened the spring children's books, laying aside the superficial, the imitative, and the near-vulgar, there remains much that has lasting value. It is a gay and colorful exhibit. Looking it over, one gets the definite impression that writers, artists, and publishers are turning gladly from the limitations and restrictions of a war economy to the comparative freedom and plenty of peace. Many practical problems remain to be solved; but the outlook is bright, and the spring books reflect that brightness.

Now that books can travel across the oceans again, other countries are beginning to see what American publishers were producing during the war years. Reports from the USIBA exhibit in Paris reflect an intense curiosity about us and our books, not only among publishers and booksellers but among people in general. Letters from various countries to the American boys and girls who supplied the books for the Treasure Chests reveal a feeling that goes far deeper than curiosity. From the younger children of France and Belgium, of Norway and Greece, from China and Czechoslovakia, these letters show that the opening of a Treasure Chest is like the lighting of a Christmas tree. The freshness and gaiety of the books, their sturdy cloth bindings and bright cover-jackets, make them an exciting experience even before they are read—especially to children who have never owned a book. They do not worry because they cannot read at once the English text. In many cases it is the illustrator who tells the story, and there is always someone nearby who will translate the words. In some of the French schools they are teaching English now through the Treasure Chest books. Imagine learning a new language with "Andy and the Lion" as a guide!

From the older boys and girls in the secondary schools comes a more significant story. From the letters and the scrapbooks that they are sending emerges clearly a deep desire for an exchange of thoughts and ideas with American boys and girls. It is really more than a desire. It is a conviction that such a tie already exists. In France and Belgium this conviction stems from the days when the American G.I. was a familiar sight along the roads and in the villages. They have left a thread, these G.I.'s, that should be strengthened and reinforced. To mature minds there are obstacles, but to young minds there are none. It is as if these boys and girls were saying, very simply: "We fought together. You helped to liberate us. Let us be friends—now and always." This feeling is predominant when they unpack the books that were bought for them here in America by Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, by the Campfire Girls and the pupils of the public and private schools, by the children who come to the public libraries from the West Coast to New England. These books are messengers. And because the message they carry is important they should be most carefully selected. We find ourselves looking at each book this spring and saying: "Is this one good enough? Does this one really represent America?"

—From "Harriet."

MARY GOULD DAVIS

City Horse

HARRIET. By Charles McKinley, Jr. With pictures by William Pène Du Bois. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 44 *pp.* $2.

ONE of the small but welcome signs that the war is over is that William Pene Du Bois is again making drawings for children's books. One glance at the end-papers of "Harriet" and we know that one of the most original and gifted of the younger illustrators is back at work. Harriet's story might almost be called a London version of the tale of Joey, "The Horse Who Lived Upstairs." Harriet, too, is a city horse. She draws an aristocratic red cart for Sedgerow, Ltd. She is as definitely feminine as Joey is definitely masculine. Harriet likes to pause to look in the window of a milliner's shop and admire the hats. She is almost overcome with joy when she is called upon to deliver a blue and silver dinner dress at Buckingham Palace. She has many friends in London, including the rather snooty looking lions across from the British museum. But her favorite is the nice looking young man who arranges the display of hats in the milliner's window. Harriet is just a bit sentimental about "Mr. Edward, Esquire."

It is, therefore, very exciting to Harriet when she and Mr. Edward retire to a farm in the country. They settle down, Harriet makes friends with the birds and animals, and the climax comes on her birthday. It is Midsummer's Eve, a lovely moonlit night, and Harriet's new friends give her a surprise party in the meadow —two rabbits, a squirrel, a fox, a young meadowlark couple, four bluebirds, a whole family of katydids, two guinea fowls, eleven white ducks and the handsome bullfrog who kept muttering almost under his breath

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"Better late than never. Better late than never." There are dancing, refreshments, and conversation. Then Mr. Edward appears with a simply enormous hat box. There in the moonlight, watched by the assembled company, he opens the box and takes out a hat. Carefully he adjusts the hat on Harriet's head, pulling her ears through the neat holes arranged for them. There is a murmur of admiration from the guests, and Harriet, rising gracefully on her hind legs, dances around the moonlit meadow. Then she goes down to the brook, as any lady would, to see herself in the water.

Joey, we remember, went thankfully back to the city after his sojourn in the country. Harriet, we feel, will stay on happily in the country with Mr. Edward. They are quite different in temperament, Joey and Harriet, but they are both delightful to meet. We recommend them highly to all boys and girls and to intelligent grown-ups. As for Harriet's book, in design, printing, type, and illustration it is a joy to the eye. Something should be done to celebrate the return of its illustrator to the field of children's books. Like Harriet's birthday party, it is a joyful occasion.

M. G. D.

Walking Bed

JOHNNY AND HIS WONDERFUL BED. By Elizabeth Townsend. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. New York: Stephen Daye. 1946. 55 *pp.* $2.

AGAINST the realistic background of the lower East Side of Manhattan, Johnny and his miraculous bed, which he christens Fred, riot through these delightful pages. If you once accept Fred completely, the rest of the story is as convincing as a good reporter's account of something that happened yesterday. Fred appeared in answer to a wish that Johnny made as he lay in a cold little room in a shack under the Bridge, so sparsely covered with an old coat that either his feet or his shoulders were freezing. "I wish," Johnny whispered, "that I could have a real bed with nice soft covers and a pillow." And Fred appeared.

That Gramp accepted Fred without question shows what a satisfactory Gramp he was. He remembered something that Johnny had forgotten. He remembered that it was Johnny's ninth birthday. "My grandmother used to tell me," he explained, "that if you wish for something at one minute after midnight on your birthday, without remembering that it *is* your birthday, then your wish will be granted." Now Gramp very badly needed a new coat, so Johnny decided to sell Fred and get one for him. The second-hand furniture man, after seeing the beauty and elegance of Fred, gave Johnny ten dollars for him. It seemed a great deal of money to Johnny. He left the shop with his ten dollars—and here the real fun begins. Fred left the shop, too. He followed Johnny along the familiar streets of the East Side, "trotting along the sidewalks, its four curved legs moving like those of a dachshund." A policeman attempted to arrest Johnny for obstructing traffic and was so overcome by Fred's performance that he fainted and fell right across him. Whereupon Fred rose in the air and conveyed both Johnny and the policeman back to the shack. It took all of Gramp's diplomacy to settle things with the policeman. Finally he was escorted, still dazed and protesting, to the street by Gramp and Johnny—and Fred. Just then a long black automobile with no lights and two gentlemen who were shooting madly at a police car behind them came along. Fred was, of course, equal to the emergency. The hold-up men were caught and the reward was large enough to buy for Gramp and Johnny a nice little farm in the country. And when the policeman and his family came to pay them a visit Johnny remembered to put clean sheets on Fred.

Rafaello Busoni has made some very lively and amusing pictures for this book. It is printed in large, clear type and is nicely bound in tulip-red. Little and middle-aged boys and girls and their fathers and mothers will have lots of fun with it.

M. G. D.

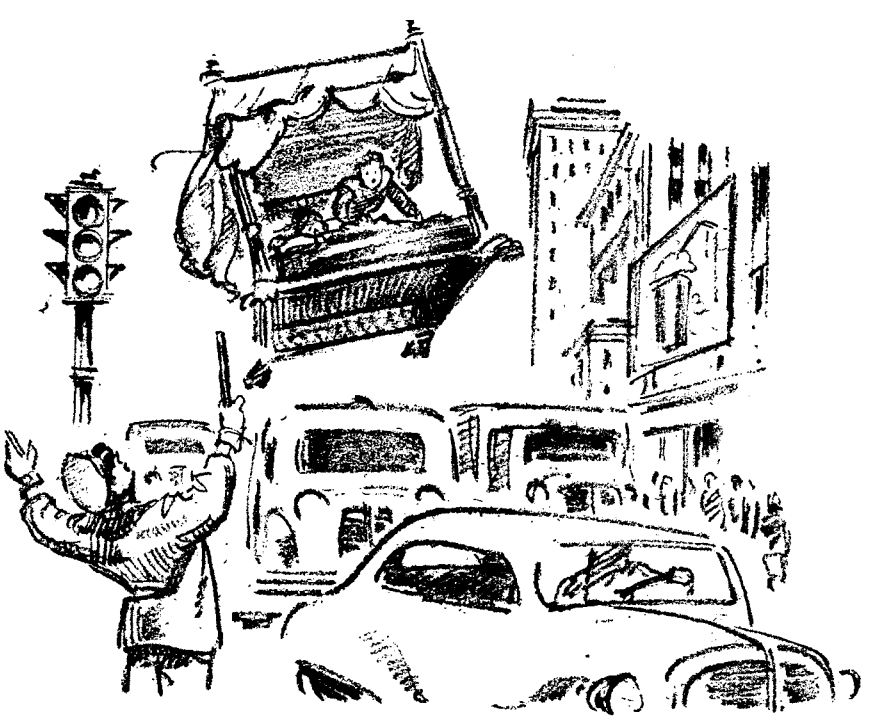
Little Jesus

ONCE THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY. By Dorothy Kunhardt. Illustrated by Helen Sewell. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 67 *pp.* $2.50.

IT IS the night of Jesus's fifth birthday, and his mother is letting him stay up late for a treat. They are sitting on the roof of their house watching the stars and breathing in the quiet night. Jesus's mother begins to tell him stories. They are simple stories—just the day-to-day doings of a little boy in the village of Nazareth—the little boy Jesus. He listens enraptured, as all children do when they hear their own experiences put into words. He interrupts excitedly to add some detail from time to time. The favorite story comes at the end—the story of the night when he was born.

This is a tender and moving book. Mrs. Kunhardt has caught the beauty that is common to childhood the world over and the happiness and security that belong to children who are surrounded with love and understanding. It is a loving interpretation of a child and of his relationship with his mother.

We read it, however, with mixed feelings. Had it been the story of any little boy of Nazareth in Jesus's time, we would be enthusiastic over it as a picture of the period which little children could enjoy and



—*From "Johnny and His Wonderful Bed."*

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through which they might feel related to other children. But the author has tried to *over*simplify the childhood of Jesus, whose life needs no simplification. Even very young children love to listen to the story of his life when it is read directly from the King James Version. They do not need to hear it told in their own terms. No more do they need to have it interpreted, even though that interpretation is based upon careful study.. Though there may be little that is easily available historically on the childhood of Jesus, we *do* have the Christian story, complete and perfect.

Without doubt many readers will like this book. But to those to whom the beauty and mysticism of the New Testament are an important part of their faith, there will be some hesitancy in giving it to their children. Helen Sewell's beautiful drawings in color would be a rare gift to any child. They bring Nazareth and the child Jesus very near. If beauty and mystery are absent from the text, they are there in the illustrations.

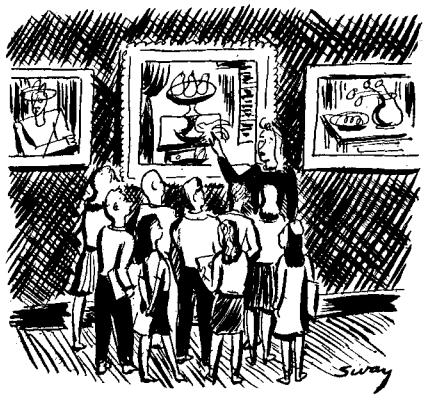
RUTH A. HILL

Old Friends

THE TIGER AND THE RABBIT. By Pura Belpré. Illustrated by Kay Peterson Parker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 119 *pp.* $1.75.

THIS book will have a warm welcome from boys and girls all over America, but especially from the children of Manhattan. They all know Miss Belpré's "Perez and Martina." Hundreds of them on New York's upper East Side have heard her tell these very tales, sometimes in Spanish, sometimes in English. The children who come to us from Puerto Rico probably heard then in their native island. And they will, one and all, be especially pleased because two of the stories tell of Perez, that brave and courtly royal mouse. He is the hero of the tale of Nangato, the great cat who threatened the safety of the mouse colony over which Perez so wisely ruled.

From the point of view of folklore, these tales are obviously very old. They have come down through an oral tradition. They have the humor that is inherent in folklore, especially in that dealing entirely with animals like Nangato, La Hormiguita, and the Dance of the Animals. Here are the themes that appear in the traditional stories of almost every country in the world. The little rabbit matches his wits against the strength of the lion. Señor Goat and Señor Dog play a trick on the lion—and get away with it. La Hormiguita



goes in search of food on a winter's day and, in getting it, builds up one of those cumulative tales that are common to many races, many tongues. Old friends appear in a new environment. The story called "The Fox, the Wolf, and the Honey" is a variant of the Finnish story called "The Partners" and of the Brothers Grimm's "The Cat and the Mouse Keep House." The old "You must guess my name" motif that appears in "Rumpelstiltskin" and "Tom Tit Tot" is the theme of "Casi Lampu'a Lantemué." In this version, which is perhaps the strongest story in the collection, the evil spirit is an old witch, and it is the crab who finally gives the right name to the hero. The editors have been wise enough to let

3 fascinating books for young people

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THE BRAVE LITTLE COLLIE

By Dorothy L'Hommedieu. The lovable story of the puppy who learned through an exciting adventure that he was a born sheep dog. *Drawings by Marguerite Kirmse.* Ages 4 to 8. $2.00

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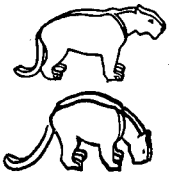

Written and illustrated by Philip L. Martin. Complete instructions and full-size patterns for making animal toys from plywood. Ages 10 and up. $2.00

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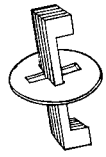
By Joseph Leeming. Hundreds of puzzles—coin and match, mathematical, pencil and paper, cut-out and put-together, word puzzles and brain twisters. *Illustrated by Jessie Robinson.* Ages 4 to 8. $2.00



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"Charming drawings." —*New York Times*

Thomas Nelson & Sons

385 MADISON AVENUE **NEW YORK 17, N. Y.**

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Miss Belpré give both the Spanish and the English words in the little rhymes that add so much to the value of the stories.

In spite of the paper, which is poor in quality and color, this is an attractive little book. The drawings, printed in red and green, are amusing and lively and good in their characterization. This is a book for storytellers to share with boys and girls everywhere. There is no time limit to its value. It is a new record of old tales that are filled with drama and beauty and laughter.

M. G. D.

Golden State

CALIFORNIA PAGEANT: THE STORY OF FOUR CENTURIES. By Robert Glass Cleland. Illustrated by Raymond Lufkin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 257 *pp.* $2.50.

HERE is an excellent presentation of the colorful, tumultuous, romantic history of California. The story begins logically with the Spanish explorers and navigators, Cortes's western expeditions, the missionary explorers, and the era of presidios, missions, and pueblos. Then come the early traders, chiefly American and Russian, the period of the ranchos, the trappers and explorers of the West, and the first overland settlers, including the tragic Donner party. History marches on through the days of the California Republic, the struggles of the United States for the possession of California, the discovery of gold and the mad, turbulent years that followed it. Paralleling the northern California gold rush are the great days of the cattle ranges of southern California. With statehood comes a changing and growing society, working through abuses and reforms, mistakes and successes, to adjust itself to a new way of life. The opening of the transcontinental railroad marks the end of isolation for the Far West and the beginning of the vast growth and expansion of agricultural California. The twentieth century brings more great changes and adjustments; the oil boom, the San Francisco fire, the great engineering enterprises that added wealth and power to the State, and finally the moving picture industry.

In such a relatively brief book it is possible to touch only upon the highlights, and Dr. Cleland is consistent throughout in refraining from getting off on fascinating tangents. Often the reader's interest is fired by a very human incident or a particularly fascinating bit of history only to leave it as he firmly carries the story on to its next phase.

In addition to his vivid account of the dramatic events in California's history, Dr. Cleland gives a clear idea of the corruption and abuses that inevitably accompany great social upheavals, of the subsequent unrest and the efforts toward social reforms. Rounding out the picture he shows the cultural life of the people through the growth and changes, with the writers of the latter nineteenth century making a lasting contribution to American letters as well as to the literature of the West. If the last chapter is like a Chamber of Commerce pamphlet, it would be difficult to write about California without superlatives.

Raymond Lufkin's illustrations and chapter headings have strength and feeling. They are in perfect accord with the text. A list of important events in the history of California and a good index give this book definite reference value.

RUTH A. HILL

All Smiles

BIG MUSIC: TWENTY MERRY TALES TO TELL. Chosen by Mary Noel Bleecker. Illustrated by Louis S. Glanzman. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 256 *pp.* $2.50.

HERE is an anthology that has an idea behind it. These "twenty merry tales" have been selected because each one of them has won the tribute of smiles, chuckles, and often outright laughter from the children of a great port city. Each one has proved its worth through direct experience. Most of them are folktales, although four creative writers, all of them Americans, are represented; Frank R. Stockton, Carl Sandburg, Margery Bianco, and John Bennett. Walter de la Mare is here with his masterly retelling of Clever Grethel. Miss Bleecker has gone far afield for her folktales—Germany, Poland, Alaska, Africa, Italy, Cornwall, Ireland, Mexico, Spain, India, the "tall tales" of North America and Uncle Remus. The stories have one quality in common—humor. Generally speaking it is a simple, earthy humor. Miss Bleecker leaves the more subtle stories to the individual reader. These are the ones that she advises us to share. They are selected with feeling and with the wisdom of experience. In every case the translation, if the story is from a foreign language, is one that will appeal especially to storytellers. It is an attractive book with wide margins, good type, and spirited, humorous illustrations.

—*From "Big Music."*

M. G. D.

About Books

TREASURE FOR THE TAKING: A BOOK LIST FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Anne Thaxter Eaton. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is a happy title because this book is in itself most surely a treasure, not only to boys and girls who want to find the best in books quickly but to their elders who want to make a wise choice in giving them a book. Miss Eaton thinks of all the children, from picture books to books for the early teens, from boys and girls who are sensitive to poetry and art and music to their more practical brothers and sisters who want only realism. She says in her foreword: "If the child who loves to read is surrounded by well selected books within the range of his reading ability he will soon find what he wants, whether it is a tale of magic and enchantment or an account of the latest rocket-ship." She has learned through long experience to let each child roam at will through a carefully selected library without benefit of advice from her—unless advice is asked. But this does not prevent her own enthusiasm for the beauty, humor, and originality of certain writers from bringing warmth and color to her annotations. They are very informing, these annotations, and in many cases they are masterly analyses. One cannot read them and not be curious about the book that she is annotating. Her seventy classifications include practically every subject. For the family that is going to the country this summer here are birds and beasts and snakes and insects, the sea and the sky and the earth. Here is the circus. Here are talking beasts. Here are new inventions, plays to read and to act, arts and architecture, careers and occu-

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pations, music and poetry, history, travel, biography, adventure, and stories about real people—a list that she calls "People You Might Meet." The little list of books on behavior is headed "Be at Ease." Here are imaginative stories and picture books, folk and fairy tales. Here, in fact, is everything that boys and girls need, that they can grow on. One feels that the experience that produced this book was satisfying and rewarding, although like all experience it probably had its ups and downs. It is not a book to stand on the shelves, to be taken down only when there is a definite need. It is a book to live with, to keep close at hand. Its format and printing are simple and dignified. This reviewer's copy will be well worn before another spring rolls around.

M. G. D.

Water, Water

OCEANS IN THE SKY. By Vera Edelstadt. Illustrated by Louis Bunin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. Not paginated. $1.75.

THIS is an unusual book. Its author makes an effective bid for readers of individual and discriminating taste and an inquiring mind. The text is in two sections of quite different tone and tempo. The first section is a graphic tale that tells of the formation of the earth; "melted rock and molten metal swirling formed a white-hot ball." Then it tells of the infinitely gradual development of mountains, seas, and continents and, finally, of life—"tiny living cells." "Water," it says "made life possible." Emphasis in the story is on water in all its many forms and activities, from dewdrops and vapor

—From "Oceans in the Sky."

to rainfall and flood tides. Man's success in discovering and making use of water is described, as are his mistakes in wasting or mishandling his precious resources. Later on, the book tells of the broader plans for the use and protection of river, forest, and soil. "This is only the beginning and maybe we shall have to do much more." This section of the book, although it is in straightforward prose, is printed as verse with striking and imaginative illustrations. A child who is perhaps too young for the text will be fascinated by these dramatic drawings of the swirling creative forms of sea and sky, sun and earth, with primitive animals and primitive man appearing among them.

The second section, which is not illustrated, is more simple in its presentation. Young people will find it clear and interesting long before they are ready to read technical geology.

MARION C. DODD

Love Song

By I. L. Salomon

THAT night in Central Park, we two
stared at the rippled waters of
the placid lake; and only you
and I, so much we were in love,
heard singing where no bird song was,
rich in the pulse; and you and I,
over the dark and starlit glass,
kissed as the brown ducks glided by.

So still it was great stars burned out
in flakes on the unruffled air;
and quiet as our hearts were not
the shadows of the shy birds were;
the sleeping wind stirred in the west;
immense and infinite and deep,
night leaned against time's lovely breast
with half-the-world asleep.

NOW OUT IN APRIL *Encore*

Why great men are not chosen Presidents

JAMES BRYCE wrote that about us in 1888 in his *American Commonwealth* and the entire caustic, prophetic chapter is reprinted in the April ENCORE.

You see, we're not beating the drums of controversy. We only wanted to point up the fact that ENCORE chooses every month not merely the best writing of all time, but the liveliest, most interesting, and most readable.

Take that April ENCORE again. Besides the Bryce article there's A TALE OF MURDER AND WONDER by *Thackeray*, I'D RATHER GO TO JAIL by *Thoreau*, PATAGONIAN SAVAGES by *Darwin*, DADDY DEAR by *Sally Benson*, and poems, stories, articles, cartoons, reviews and letters by 15 other great and near-great authors. That's the way it is in ENCORE every month—128 pages crammed with literary morsels well worth rereading . . . in the light of present events.

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the Phoenix Nest

UNION

Once for the Union of States
Against Disunion, for freedom of the slave;
Now once again
For Union of every land,
Of mind and heart and hand,
The world awaits
The word of wise and reasonable men.

We have sown fear.
And they, you say? They hear
Our wild or muttered words, the glaring print
Fomenting war,
And know we are
Possessors of one grim secret, war-begot,
That they have not.

The rumor, the mere hint,
Excitement seething in some puny brain;
Fear and suspicion; suspicion and fear,
Till the dark end shows clear.
The running whispers like small fires in grass
Till the tall trees
Reared through the centuries:
Strong oaks of principle, tough hickory
Of our democracy,
The graceful elms of art—in every nation
The groves of civilization—
Are tinder roaring to one blazing mass. . . .

But why should that appal?
We have known it all.

We have heard such very pleasant people say,
And say again today,
That the inevitable word is war.

There is one way.
One way. No more.

I see
The most majestic ghost in history,
Who from one constant purpose never swerved,
Quietly say, "The Union must be preserved."
Saying, "We are not enemies, but friends,"
As in that first inaugural, when fate
Stood armored in the gate.
Saying, "We cannot separate!
This country is the people's, dedicate
To them. Let us await
Their ultimate
Justice. Think calmly and well."
And in that last inaugural, ere there fell
After racked victory, night upon the nation
From the hand of madness, did he not say,
"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray,
That this mighty scourge of war may pass away."
But not with the bondsman's unrequited toil
Of two long centuries
Still regnant, or the slave lashed to his knees.

And so, today,
Being one world—on our own soil a world
Of many races—with the round globe made one
By instant communication
From nation unto nation
And air-flight swifter than light from star or sun;
Being one world in suffering, in presage
Of a new age,
And having cast our gage
To challenge destiny, we
Must vow anew, by no wild words unnerved,
"The union of the nations must be preserved.
We cannot separate.

We cannot make alliances with one
And not the other, nor perpetuate
Distrust and hate.
But with all reason, all wisdom, all concern
For peace lasting and strong,
Fall to our task, and, standing in the sun,
'With malice toward none,'
Weigh carefully and learn
The minds and hearts of others, making our choice
The peoples' voice!"

For who are these
Who darken counsel, who
Verily know not what they do,
Beside the determination of the just,
Holding in trust
The future of the world and humankind,
Neither obdurate, nor blind
To error wheresoever it may show?
What are the evil prophets, to the plan
For Everyman
With the strong will and faith to make it so?

All the wild winds of doubt
Have never, under heaven,
Been able to blow out
The faith in Man that erring Man is given.

Now is the hour
Not for irrational words or boasts of power,
Or old recriminations, to prevail,
Or new suspicions, or contentious greed
To sow new dragon seed.
Now is the hour for friendly word and deed
And, above all, the overwhelming light
Of reason to disperse
Our dreams of evil from our universe . . .
By all we know of good and right,
In the name of all mankind, we must not fail.

* * *

I am now glad to give Earle Walbridge the floor:

Your learned commentator neglected to mention the instruments used in the martyrdom of St. Pillywillin. They were the pilliwinks or thumbscrews. In the words of the Oxford Dictionary, they were "in Scottish use, c. 1600, pilliwinkes and pinniewinkis; corrupted by later historical or antiquarian writers, novelists, journalists [notoriously a corrupt lot. E. F. W.] etc., to pilniewinks."

My amateur standing is preserved in your *Nest*, since I wrote the Countee Cullen article from which you quote. Something prevented my hearing him speak at the NYPL, in that poets' series, so I never saw him.—It may interest you to know that the recent Lincoln's Birthday shut-down in our city was engineered by rabbits, with the express purpose of preventing my using my matinée ticket to "Harvey." It was my second failure. The first ticket I bought so far in advance that I turned up at the theatre a week late, having mistaken the date. No kidding, I was not in the least surprised to find the theatres closed when I came out of the house and saw a newspaper. (My radio, with all the others on my floor, was stolen a year ago.)

Evidently Leonard Bacon—in reviewing Frank Morley's book—never read that impressive story of Gerald Heard's (in "The Great Fog") entitled "Dromenon."

* * *

I am indebted to Tremaine McDowell, associate professor of English at the University of Minnesota, for sending me his excellent little book of representative selections (with introduction, bibliography, and notes) of William Cullen Bryant. I wrote recently concerning a new compilation of Bryant by Samuel Sillen, and did not know that in the American Writers Series there was already Professor McDowell's. Both books are good, and I am glad to have them both. I like the format of the American Writers Series, which is published by the American Book Company. Professor McDowell's volume was brought out in 1935. Harry H. Clark, of the University of Wisconsin, is the general editor of the series.

The University of Minnesota is doing good work in the humanities. Its theme is the theme of unity within diversity. Such a society as ours, it says, "operates in an open, not a closed universe." (Even though it is

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difficult for me to imagine what a "closed universe" might be.) Their program in American studies is extensive. This also is in large part due to Professor McDowell.

Mrs. Minnie Lomax and Mrs. Howard C. Ross of California have written me concerning the Church of Christian Fellowship which they have started in Los Angeles. They say, "We want to reach people who know that color, or type of nose, or what-have-you, which have long been prejudicial symbols, are of no consequence whatever." They have organized their church group dedicated to the belief that "all men are brothers, regardless." By the same token, they are most certainly practising fully as followers of Jesus Christ. I wish them every good fortune. Their temporary place of meeting is the Los Angeles Church Federation Building, 3330 W. Adams Boulevard. Mrs. Howard C. Ross writes from 6012-C Rugby Avenue, Huntington Park, California.

* * *

KEEPING THE BOOKS

The publishers scream and the publishers shout:
"The twenty-first printing's already sold out!"
"Three hundred and eighty-six thousand in print
(Including the Book - of - the - Month Club's stint)!"

Now why do they cite, week by week, these amounts,
And tell us with gusto about their accounts?
Do they think we'll rejoice in the profits they rake in?
If so, it appears they are sadly mistaken.
For we're not the author, who gets ten percent,
Nor a holder of stock, nor collector of rent.
We'll read their books through, and give good ones a plaudit,
But not, Heaven help us, a regular audit!

RICHARD ARMOUR.

* * *

Someone in Pennsylvania was excessively annoyed by any member of my family being flippant concerning hagiology. He seems to be a bit unhumorous. I have known devout Catholics to joke about saints. I have several favorite saints myself, including my grandfather's, Saint Anastasius.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CROWS CAN'T COUNT *A. A. Fair* (Morrow: $2.)	Dagger slays pet-crow owning trustee of valuable estate. Donald Lam unravels plotful of Colombian emeralds and embattled heirs.	Lam couldn't be better and Bertha Cool gracefully supplies backstage obbligato of screams and objurgations. Plot excellent; track fast.	A-1
HANGMAN'S HILL *Franklyn Pell* (Dodd Mead: $2.)	Disliked American war correspondent extinguished by American grenade in Alsatian fox hole. "Star Reporter" Shanahan and Lieut. Schneider discover reasons why.	Excellent war background, sharply drawn characters, plentiful action, and ample suspense make reader overlook slight unfairness of denouement.	Strictly okay!
I HATE BLONDES *Wolfe Kaufman* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Shifty client of Shamus Anderson gets himself shot in Boston. Anderson sticks to case and clips tough killer.	Despite luscious ladies, considerable romping 'round N. Y. suburbs and plot mixture of high finance and feelthy pictures it doesn't quite come off.	Could be better
MURDER IN PEKING *Vincent Starrett* (Lantern Press: $2.50)	Cathayan criminal cycle commenced by strangling of Danish beauty in temple near Peking. Mr. Hope Johnson finally stops the massacre.	Competent plotting and interesting Oriental background nearly atone for bunch of sawdusty and generally uninteresting characters.	Readable
THE BLACK SEVEN *Carol Kendall* (Harper: $2.)	Violent deaths in fantastic mansion of out-of-this-world Twigg family keep sleuth Mood and precocious "Drawers" Random busy.	Mysterious goings-on generally motivate several deaths and terrific amount of frenzied action by bevy of utterly unbelievable people.	Beautiful Bedlam

"From where I sit"

ON YOUR RIGHT you see the dramatic moment when *Elisha Macomber,* discovering the prostrate form of the mysterious veiled woman (Miss Thorne), sees her face for the first time. This comes with the first violent event which makes **THE TROUBLE AT TURKEY HILL,** Crime Club Selection for April, a breath-taking story.

KATHLEEN MOORE KNIGHT'S stories of Penberthy Island, featuring that shrewd and understanding selectman, *Elisha Macomber,* helped establish her fame as one of America's top writers of detective fiction. Now MISS KNIGHT and *Elisha* are back from extensive fictional travels, to delight and puzzle you on their native soil.

Hatred and vengeance are in the air when Tad, Persh, and Pudgy return from the war. Their welcome home is shadowed with violence. Then murder strikes—and the quiet surface of the community is torn open by suspicion. It is *Elisha's* cool common sense which finally unwinds the tangled skein and clears the air.

The solution was before your eyes all along, simmering on the stove. *Elisha* saw it. But the reader, like Miss Marcy, will be baffled from the beginning: "When I pushed open the living-room door of the Turkey Hill Cottage that lovely spring morning and saw Alyse Marsh lying dead on the floor . . ."

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientele; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to exchange of correspondence. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received fifteen days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

WESTERN VETERAN desires politically conscious liberal correspondents who agree race discrimination our greatest danger, to exchange information on local politics and personalities. Any age, sex, creed or color. Foreign correspondence invited. Box 566-P.

DOES HE SNORE? Does she snore? Does any noise disturb your sleep? USE FLENTS anti-noise ear stopples and sleep like the proverbial log.—A soother for snoozers since 1927. Flents Products Co., Inc., Dept. SR, 103 Park Avenue, New York City 17.

LIBERAL PAY for full or part time secretary, N.Y. Opportunity for advancement. Kindly write full particulars. Box 567-P.

YOUNG LADY, reflective, gentle, gay, simple, would correspond with outdoorsy man, studiedly-casual, about books, theatre, gracious living. Box 568-P.

ANY SUGGESTIONS for earning living? Widow, middle-aged, loves children. Reputation as cook from poulet marengo to cod fish cakes. Will make self generally useful in any kind of family. Go anywhere, woods or Times Square. Who wants me? Box 436-P.

APPLE HILL CAMP—boys, girls 6-12—Charming pre-revolutionary farmstead overlooking New Hampshire hills is setting for this progressive summer camp. Full variety sports, crafts, swimming, emphasizing participation and sportsmanship. Fee $250. Write for booklet: Apple Hill, East Pepperell, Mass.

SERIOUS MINDED YOUNG WOMAN would like correspondents interested in books, cooking, dogs, Box 550-P.

EXPERIENCED LIBRARIAN, 31, now employed in Manhattan desires to change position, Manhattan, vicinity. Box 569-P.

DISTINGUISHED (WHO'S WHO) energetic, personable, male, late thirties, teacher of French, wishes lucrative summer employment—June, July, August. Will go anywhere do anything (well, practically). Any suggestions? Box 570-P.

A BOOK-LOVER would correspond with book-lovers. Box 508-P.

WILL MILK YOUR COWS, tend your farm for small salary and cottage. Summer or year around. Box 571-P.

PROSPECTIVE SCHOOLMARM would like interesting position for summer. Romance language major. Box 572-P.

SUBSCRIBE FOR MAGAZINES SIMPLY BY ASKING ME FOR THEM! Any number in one order; pay after I bill you at publishers' lowest prices, club rates, etc. Catalog SRL Free. Institutional accounts expedited. John Crehore, Postbox 2329-R, Washington 13, D. C.

CRAFTSMAN PRINTING—Prose or poetry manuscripts beautifully hand-set and designed to your satisfaction. Length of copy, or quantity desired, immaterial. Particulars on request. Box 519-P.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut, quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN, intelligent, adaptable, versatile. Would like correspondence with interesting, normal lady, any age. Box 573-P.

CALIFORNIA YOUNG WOMAN, war widow, college bred, possessed of integrity, personality, humor, poise, adaptability, genuine interest in people, would escape rut and seek new horizons via absorbing employment, preferably traveling or in Hawaii, Alaska, Switzerland, or, ? Welcome any suggestions. Box 574-P.

TEACHER, M.A., English, business experience, available June, July, August for tutoring, counseling, or working. Box 576-P.

WANT TO MAKE A GOOD TRADE? Got anything to buy, sell, or swap? Send $1 for 8 months subscription for YANKEE Magazine, Box SRL, Dublin, New Hampshire. "A Good Trade on Every Page".

CIGARETTES—popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.35 per carton, postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

WANTED AT A HOT SPOT IN GREECE. A young man of earnest Christian spirit, well trained and experienced as teacher of English, to teach in Excellent Co-educational American Junior College. Term two or three years. Travel and maintenance with small cash salary provided. Hard work. Thrilling opportunity. Address Harold B. Belcher, Treas., 14 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Mass.

A PATRON-SAINT or patroness to introduce young poet and volume of poetry to America. Rich returns in gratitude. Box 475-P.

TEA TREAT, Pamper your palate with the full, rich flavor of fine DARJEELING. Trial $1.55 lb., Postpaid. CARAVEL, 126 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

WIDOWER INTERESTED IN MUSIC, poetry, art, nature, mysticism, and current world affairs would correspond with educated woman of like interests. Box 577-P.

WANTED: Position as companion to elderly person. College graduate who has traveled extensively. Excellent references. Box 578-P.

WOMAN WRITER, university English teacher, with two sons, 9 and 11, wishes summer lodging in country near swimming or other children's recreation facilities. Quiet requisite, rent moderate, reasonable New York railroad distance. Would consider giving some tutorial, companionship or similar service if desirable. Best references. Box 579-P.

TELESCREEN Magazine—Television for the layman, enthusiast, artist. $1.00 yearly (4 issues). TELESCREEN, 371 South Orange Avenue, Newark, N. J.

WRITER, SLICKS, needs researcher and writing assistant under 25. Veteran, fine. Travel, expenses, salary. Experience preferred, not essential if serious. Box 563-P.

VOCAL TEACHER wishes to present a program showing similarities between Easter and Passover. Would welcome helpful information and suggestions. Box 580-P.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on gummed label 500 for $1.00. Box 979-K.

STUDY VISION-TRAINING—Anson K. Cross Art School, Winter: Studio Arts Building, 1161 Peachtree Street, N. E., Atlanta, Georgia. Home Study Extension Courses. College Credit Certificate. G. R. Brigham, Ph.D., Director. Write for circular.

THOUSANDS OF BOOKSTORES RANSACKED for those books you lack. Write Box 181-M.

WANTED: ADVERTISING MANAGER for "THE VILLAGER"—club publication. Magazine established 18 years. Write The Bronxville Women's Club, Bronxville, N. Y. Or telephone BRonxville 2-3252 during business hours.

PENNSYLVANIA GENEALOGIES carefully searched. Box 993-M.

IS THERE A CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN who wants to extend experience with elementary school library work? Individual initiative possible; salary and vacation allowance good. College and library school necessary. Lakewood Ohio Public Library—7 miles from Cleveland.

FOR THE MAN who sees life with confident and realistic eyes. A young lady, musical, who views life optimistically, exploratively invites your correspondence. Easterner preferred. Box 586-P.

PUBLISHED JANUARY 25, Eleven Golden Rules to Stock Market Success by J. F. St. John—"Simple advice to keep the small investor off the breadline." Yours for 25¢ p.p. MERIT HOUSE, 7 Lawrence Avenue, Milford, Conn.

SPEAK FRENCH. Quick enjoyable methods versus outmoded. Parisian. AL 4-7134, N.Y.C.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY to buy into successful newspaper and magazine field. $15,000 required. Box 265-P.

BALLETOMANES, ATTENTION. Color photographs of the Bakst originals. Prices begin at five dollars. Free folder and sample print on request. Box 528-P.

FOR BOOK ADVERTISING, Publicity, Promotion—Write George Butterly, Times Building, N. Y. 18. BRyant 9-8197.

SUMMER CAMP JOB WANTED by Princeton Graduate College student, 21, Phi Beta Kappa; tutoring any subject; teaching tennis or swimming. Box 581-P.

FORMER SOCIOLOGY STUDENT, living in New Jersey, wishes to hear from young people interested in organizing a tour of Mexico this summer. Box 582-P.

DO YOU KNOW that civilization existed on the American continent B. T. (Before Truman)? Send for free list of books on the Mayan and Inca civilizations. Box 318-P.

MATHEMATICS TEACHER, Bachelor, 28, seeks September position in Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry. Seven years experience in university, public schools, boarding school. Box 583-P.

WHY NOT PUT YOUR SPARE TIME TO GOOD USE? Take subscription orders to SRL and ENCORE in your community and receive regular agent's commission. For full details write today: Dept. D-20 The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

YOUNG MAN, College English instructor, desires summer position as secretary-companion or tutor. Will consider anything. Box 442-P.

HAVE YOU ANY BUSINESS IDEAS that need financing? All propositions considered confidentially. Box 584-P.

PLEASANTLY AGREEABLE WOMAN, excellent background, wishes position companion, governess, will travel, light household duties. Box 585-P.

WILL SOME DRAMATIST with production experience care to give personal guiding lessons to a beginner living in N.Y.C.? Fee is no object. Box 587-P.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing; superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. MU 4-0087.

SPANISH! SPANISH! SPANISH! Easily! Quickly! Exchange English for SPANISH with refined NATIVES. Practical. Economical. Write: LANGUAGE EXCHANGE CENTER, 1425 Broadway, New York 18.

SERIOUS ARTIST, married, owns jalopy, wants rooms or cottage in country. Exchange for painting, act as caretaker, shopping errands; educated, accustomed responsibility. Box 588-P.

CONVERTED CARRIAGE HOUSE. Charming small cottage, stone foundation. All modern conveniences. Sunporch with view of Hudson, fine garden plot, two magnificent evergreens. On 9W in a New England-like village, eighty miles from New York. Greyhound bus to door. Snug haven for writer or painter. Furnished, $6500 cash. Needs redecorating. Immediate possession. (Swimming available.) Box 589-P.

Edmund Wilson's THIS ROOM, THIS GIN, THESE SANDWICHES, new, $1. Brockle Bookery, Farmingdale, Long Island.

BEAUTY, COMFORT, INCOME. Ranch for sale. Spacious adobe house. 80 hilltop acres. Almonds, peaches, pistachios. Close to village, beaches, mountains. Far from cities. "Armageddon", Valley Center, California.

ARTICLES, BOOKS, FICTION, PLAYS marketed. Free Reading. Bertha Klausner, 130 East 40 St., N. Y. 16.

WOMAN, EDUCATED, wide interests, seeks correspondence with alert, refined men. Box 590-P.

LIBRARIAN. New England boarding school for girls needs well trained young woman to make the Library a vital part of school life. Must reside in the school. Good salary. Box 456-P.

TEACHER AVAILABLE for July, August as tutor or companion. Interests—English-Math-Nature. Box 541-P.

"MERRIEBROOK," Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583. Adults only.

YOU PEOPLE YOUNG IN SPIRITS if not in years: seeking summer refuge from noisy city four of you will be welcome to enjoy our ugly old woody house by the sea. Sorry we cannot offer hot water, board or linen. Be Spartan, share our huge friendly kitchen, bring your own. Live as one of group, do your share of housework, air your views, keep to yourself, ignore us, do as you please, we understand, we do likewise. RADIO TABOO. Swimming, fishing, hiking, one hour convenient transportation from New York. Shopping, restaurant nearby. May 25-September 25, $125. Two persons sharing room $150. References essential. Box 592-P.

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PERSONALS

IF YOU WANT to escape from the pallid persiflage of the Broadway drama, you will find a stimulating, scintillating refuge in the plays of the one and only Oscar Wilde. His complete works offered in the famous Nottingham edition, over 4000 pages, illustrated, at special price of only $32.75 (because binding is slightly chipped—otherwise worth twice as much). Box 325-P.

YOUNG WOMAN, interested in travel, books, people would welcome male correspondents. Box 593-P.

RED CROSS Field Director, ex-school teacher, familiar personnel work, progressive educational programs, seeks stimulating job. California or Southwest. Married, three children. Box 594-P.

SWAP: An interesting country place, woods and all, near Carmel, at a reasonable sum, in exchange for a mid-Manhattan or Village studio or apartment for permanent occupancy, at fair rental. Box 595-P.

YOUNG MIDDLE AGED BUSINESSMAN, enjoying gracious living outdoors and country; theatre, music, intelligent friends. Will correspond with unusual woman. Box 596-P.

MEOW! Horace Gardner is compiling a book entitled, ALL ABOUT CATS. Plans to include useful information on care, selection and feeding, anthology of cat stories, verse and articles. Will welcome suggestions from cat lovers. Write to Horace Gardner, A. S. Barnes and Co., 67 West 44 Street, New York 18, N. Y.

PSYCHOLOGY MAJOR. College graduate. Female, age 31. Secretarial, stenographic, social work experience. Excellent recommendations. Desires position as secretary-companion to someone having the financial means and inspirational desire to travel. Box 597-P.

MIDDLEWESTERN YOUNG WOMAN with varied interests desires correspondence. Box 598-P.

ANTIQUE BED for sale, maple four poster, tester top, springs, three quarter size, $100. Box 599-P.

IT MAKES US LAUGH to see the feeble efforts of Mlle "Forever Amber" Winsor and the brood of swashbuckling pen-pushers trespassing in the lush fields of Georgian and Elizabethan period England when all along you can read William Ainsworth, in 20 volumes, over 4000 pages of sensation-teeming novels for only $39.75. Box 320-P.

INEXPERIENCED YOUNG ULYSSES desires a meeting of minds with a young female liberal. Box 600-P.

FOR SALE: Small guest and cattle ranch—at present running on rental basis—good income. Can be converted to accommodate 15 guests—year around climate and clientele—superb scenery—$37,500. L. W. Klene, Sonoita, Arizona.

YOUNG WOMAN, experienced editorial assistant, writer, researcher, immediately available for position in New York or free-lance work. Box 601-P.

FREE INSPIRATIONAL HAVEN to young or mature lady writer. Plus salary. Join our happy home. Magnificent country. Mountains. Own room. Privacy. Plus good salary. Exchange occasional help light household tasks Box 602-P.

JOB WANTED—capable mature woman. Cultured, refined. Fifteen years business experience. Excellent telephone personality. Box 603-P.

COLORADO, WYOMING, NEW MEXICO. Wanted to rent furnished summer cottage, three bedrooms, kitchen, modern conveniences, cool climate, near mountains, accessible for car. Goodman, 26 Hillcrest, Davenport, Iowa.

MAN OF LITERARY INTERESTS would appreciate correspondence from young lady with a sense of humor. Box 604-P.

PROFESSOR'S WIFE and 8 year old son, free July and August. Would like to keep single person or couple company near salt water. Could pay board or manage household in return for board. Box 605-P.

TWO MUSICAL CHILDREN need good practice piano. Can pay to $100. Any suggestions or offers? Box 606-P.

WILL EXCHANGE use of our modern, 4½ room apartment, Columbia University section, for modest, furnished, shore summer home, July and August. Box 607-P.

WHO LIKES "Country Flavor," "Sense of Humus," "Crisis of Our Age," and what they imply? Want Chat? Box 608-P.

THERE ARE 3 KINDS OF WATER, 4 fireplaces, one "ballroom," 2 brooks, one stencilled room, no radio in any room and plenty of Time at Lull's Brook Inn, RFD 1, Windsor, Vermont.

PERSONALS

COOK BOOKS of all periods, send for 7-page catalogue, listing hundreds. Box 558-P.

MATURE, CONGENIAL, versatile, professional eastern widow desires intelligent masculine correspondence. Box 609-P.

YOUNG VET, student, would like interesting work in country for summer. Box 610-P.

WANT TO BUY Book Store or partnership in Eastern U. S., state location, breakdown store inventory, annual business, rent and price. Box 611-P.

ELDERLY LADY would like to share her quiet country home, Gulf coast cooperating with expenses and work. Box 328, Pascagoula, Miss.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, few wee hours to spare, would correspond with young lady capable of amusing and subject to being amused. Box 612-P.

EX-OFFICER AND WIFE need three room apartment or small house furnished or unfurnished with nearby commuting facilities to New York prefer near beach but take anything. Box 613-P.

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE by Henry David Thoreau, anniversary reprint. Copy for 25¢. 10 for $2.00. 50 for $6.00, postage prepaid. Liberty Library, Boonton, New Jersey.

MATURE WOMAN would like to correspond with gentlemen who are really interested in books, music and writing letters. Box 614-P.

JOSEPH BREITENBACH, ARPS, SMP Honor. Kappa Pi accepts 2-3 serious students for private instruction in CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY of highest artistic and technical standards. Monthly fee $100-$150. Photographic experience not required. Write: 210 Central Park South, New York 19.

YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER, Bachelor, desires room within daily driving distance of Philadelphia Navy Yard. Box 616-P.

WRITER, EXPERIENCED, EXPERT LITERARY RESEARCHER, and secretary wants part time work afternoons. Box 617-P.

WILL SOME kind, courageous sister correspond with wistful mister? Box 618-P.

BROOCH AND EARRINGS. Shells in their original pink coloring form these beautiful clusters of miniature tea roses. Set $4.00. Mat-Han Shells, Box 1577, Miami, Florida.

FOR SALE: Harpers Magazine bound from first issue 1851 to 1869. Box 619-P.

HELP FOUND ATOM BOMB ESCAPE Colony. State views on government, philosophy, location, means of living, other important subjects. Will answer those compatible, refer those disagreeing to persons of like outlook. Box 620-P.

GENTLEMAN, HOMESPUN, responsive, desires course in corner polishing by young woman having sense of humor, strong willed and full with zest of life. Box 621-P.

YOGI WILL EXCHANGE instruction for room, board during summer. Country preferred. Box 622-P.

KNOLL FARM in Green Mountains. Accommodations for 6-8 guests. Modern conveniences. No planned entertainment. Vermont cooking and simple country living. Reasonable. Box 623-P.

WANTED—someone with progressive social viewpoint, living in the vicinity of Detroit to collaborate in the writing of articles or fiction based on social, economic and political themes. Box 624-P.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, single, desires sincere feminine correspondence. Box 625-P.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GRADUATE STUDENT, young man, desires apartment or room in refined family by May first. Manhattan or suburbs. Box 626-P.

LIBRARIAN desires summer work in college or university library. Box 627-P.

SUMMER POSITION AVAILABLE for young woman as companion-governess. June and July in cool Rockies, all expenses paid. Box 628-P.

ESCAPE FROM BOREDOM wanted by successful young executive. Any odd, interesting or unusual task. Remuneration unimportant. Box 629-P.

APPRENTICE WRITER, critic, wants opportunity to work (N.Y.C.-N.J.) for newspaper, publisher, or producer in book or theatre department. College. research and magazine experience. Box 630-P.

TWO YOUNG NEOPHYTE WRITERS, spiritually restless invite correspondence from female pair of high mental caliber. Box 631-P.

PERSONALS

FOR WRITING AND LIVING PURPOSES newly returned vet wishes to rent small cabin, bath, cooking facilities. New York, Pennsylvania, New England. Now until October. Box 632-P.

FICTION COLLABORATOR SOUGHT; share profits. Box 633-P.

CORRESPONDENCE WANTED—(Interesting, intellectual yet friendly) by man just passing youth. Box 634-P.

NEAR PHILADELPHIA—Redhead, with ditto son four, seeks position near Philadelphia as resident secretary, executive bookkeeper, or etcetera. Separate living quarters. College graduate, 36, can read and write, type, take dictation, drive, change tires or diapers. Good at research, manuscript work; fair at photography, farming. References. Box 635-P.

WOMAN, social register, with charming apartment and personality desires position with firm which must entertain distinguished visitors. Superior references. Box 636-P.

SUMMER CAMP emphasizes personality development through speech improvement. All summer sports, limited enrollment, boys 11-16. For catalog write: The Shades Boys' Camp, Waveland, Indiana.

S.O.S. Won't someone rescue a young lady from the distress of boredom? Box 637-P.

WRITER wants colorful living place without paying confiscatory rent to horse-stealing landlords. Box 638-P.

MALE, YOUNG, COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR, in doldrums, needs female awakening with wand of letters. Box 639-P.

YOUNG MUSICIAN, mature sense of values, needs money for basic necessities of life and further study. Is there an understanding patron? Box 640-P.

EX-MILITARY INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, college graduate, fluent SPANISH, writing experience, desires employment June-September in Latin America or Europe. Box 641-P.

YOUNG WOMAN would welcome pleasant company through letters in English, French. Box 642-P.

NO IMPROVEMENTS but where else than Pomfret, Conn. could resourceful characters have sturdy roof, innumerable acres, and gorgeous view for $200. a year? Box 643-P.

HORACE GREELEY in reverse. Veteran, Western editor seeks desk job, writing, newspaper Eastern city. Box 645-P.

WOMAN, intelligent, or thinks she is, mature undoubtedly, desires correspondence with gentleman farmer or country lover, with imagination, humor and certain age. Box 646-P.

EX-OFFICER, EX-UNIVERSITY INSTRUCTOR hopes to welcome his English bride to a home in Manhattan or commuting distance. Let or sublet, furnished or unfurnished. up to $140 per month. Phone MOnument 2-6400, ext. 1004 between 8-10 A.M. or write Box 647-P.

YOUNG MAN interested in corresponding with girls born August 23 to September 22 and December 22 to January 19. Box 648-P.

ARTIST, VERSATILE FEMALE, painting daytime, seeks part-time position. Offers? Advice? Box 649-P.

POSITION WANTED for September, as house director, in private school or college—Eastern states, by widow with eleven year old daughter. College education. Home Economics degree. Box 650-P.

AUTHOR'S ASSISTANT available; woman with A-1 experience manuscript and research work. Interested diplomacy, advertising, etc. Former employer says, "No author ever better served." Box 652-P.

RESPECTABLE PUBLISHER desires summer sublet of 3-4 room penthouse, terrace apartment, Riverside Drive area, NYC. PALMER, CO 5-7988 days, PL 3-6267 evenings.

EDITOR, WRITER, Anti Totalitarian. Author of published book will quit excellent job to do own writing. Seeks part-time or free-lance work. Wide experience newspapers, magazines, business papers. Desk, columnist, rewrite, etc. Won't work with Fascists or Communists, whether avowed or covert. Box 653-P.

GAYHEARTED RESEARCHER, personable, intelligent, wants extra work for evenings weekly. Likes books, ballet, theatre, Music. Box 654-P.

(Continued on page 62)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 61)

YOUNG SOUTHERNER, veteran, experienced newspaperman, needs financial backing on loan basis to establish liberal smalltown newspaper in Deep South. References and details furnished to interested parties. Box 644-P.

FUTURE CIVILIAN, single, healthy, university graduate, aircrew officer member overseas, seven Air Corps schools, traveled, fluent Spanish, slight French. Would gladly live in pleasant surroundings after discharge, preferably near seashore. What do you suggest? Box 655-P.

CHICKENS, LAWN, GARDEN on bachelor architects' place near New York need the loving care of some ex-G.I. who values security, congenial home and comfort over the hurly-burly of the commercial world. Minor physical handicap no obstacle. Box 656-P.

WOMAN EDITOR needs Manhattan apartment East side or Gramercy. Will sub-lease. Box 657-P.

WEARY OF DECADENT SOUTHERN ARISTOCRACY, college girl desires correspondence with liberal young man interested in Wolfe, Dos Passos, Fitzgerald, Huxley, and moderns in art, theatre and music. Box 658-P.

INFORMATION regarding Thomas Holley Chivers is desired in preparation for a biography. Mrs. E. Taylor Parks, Emma Chase (Mrs. Lewis Chase) 110 Maryland Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C.

COLLEGE GIRL desires position with German family; starting June. Box 659-P.

ANGLO-AMERICAN, resuming novel after war service wants to be lodged, fed and ignored at reasonable cost in quiet country preferably near sea. Box 660-P.

YOUNG DISCOURAGED ACTRESS seeking desperately unusual, interesting position. Anything, Anywhere. Can type. Box 661-P.

MATURE WOMAN victim of isolation hopes to glimpse wider horizons through correspondence; interested in cultural backgrounds of American people. Box 662-P.

$4,000 BUYS 150 YEAR OLD FARM HOUSE in Hillsdale, N. Y. Hand hewn beams, no modern improvements, interior needs some work. Spring, 40 acres. Secluded valley and hill. View of Berkshires, Catskills. Write Henrich, 2806 Derby, Berkeley, California. Coming East in May.

YOUNG WOMAN seeks position: good academic background; graduate work in Social Science at Yale University. Experience—research, rewrite and general editorial operations; have handled straight news assignments and publicity work. What can you offer? Box 663-P.

AM TAKING one-year leave from managing Antioch College Press. Need part-time job to feed family while writing book. Experienced printing production, typography, book design, manuscript reading. All around practical printer (ITU card). Prewar founder and editor "The Writer's Forum." Currently an editor "The Antioch Review." Can also mow lawns, wash windows, stoke furnaces, chop wood. What gives? Box 665-P.

EDITOR. College major, English, Latin; minor, history. 12 years business experience covers all phases of editorial work for magazine including layout, technical aspects of production, and advertising and promotion; writing (three books, numerous stories and articles published; research, personnel work; office management; credit adjustment; teaching; public relations. Background of publishing, free-lance writing, educational work, investment trusts, architecture, interior decorating, retail store administration, trade associations, and industry. Box 514-P.

OVERSEAS FOOD PACKAGES FOR CIVILIAN RELIEF packed and shipped to all parts of the world from Denmark or the U.S.A. by a reliable and experienced organization. All shipments insured by Lloyds of London. Write for particulars. Richard H. Toeplitz, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.

BOOKS FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA READ BETTER. Maybe it's the climate. Buy all books mentioned herein, postpaid, from Campbell's, 10918 Le Conte Ave., Los Angeles 24, California.

SITUATION WANTED: EDITORIAL. Free-lance: Female. Part-time. Experienced fiction, non-fiction. Box 651-P.

CHALLENGING, UNIQUE JOB, to assist in developing better interfaith and interracial relations in business and industry. College education and contacts with important business and industrial executives essential. State education, experience, interests, and minimum salary required. Box 677-P.

PERSONALS

MALE good letter reader, poor letter writer. Any suggestions? Box 666-P.

EXOTIC FOOD at home. Delight your friends with a dinner that's different. Serve spaghetti alla Magnifico. Old World Recipe and package of especially blended Italian Seasoning. $1.00 Postpaid. The Italian Chef, P.O. Box 1328, Glendale 5, California.

JOB OPEN for man or woman who can copy-read, proof-read, and dummy pages for technical magazine, scientific transactions and engineering books. Write The Editor, "Metal Progress," 7301 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

GHOST WRITER to handle mystery story. I have the material, but I need some help. Box 684-P.

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ADVERTISING RATES for this department: 15c a word. Rates for several insertions follow: 26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Forms close Friday night, fifteen days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature. 25 West 45 St., N. Y. 19, N.Y.

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AUTHORS, ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

AMERICANA, Autographs, Bibliography, Botany, Early Sciences, English Literature, Fine Arts, Fine Bindings, Incunabula, Natural History, etc. Send for catalogues, state subjects. Bernard Quaritch, Ltd., 11, Grafton Street, London W.1. England.

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EDITORIAL SERVICE. Typing, Translating C. M. WALKER ASSOCIATES, 38-05*65 Street, Woodside, Queens, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE—Manuscripts excellently typed. Intelligent personal attention. PAULINE RESNIKOFF, 137 East 35 Street, N. Y. C. LE 2-4770.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers, available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, Denver 2, Colorado.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44, New York 18.

MANUSCRIPT CRITICISM, EDITING, RE-WRITING. Wide experience. Marie H. Doyle, 341 Madison Avenue, New York 17, MU 6-7096.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, reasonable, accurate, prompt. Aimee Porter, 1175 Garner Ave., Schenectady 8, New York.

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NEW INDEPENDENT MAGAZINE will consider for publication stories, poetry, scenarios in story form, essays, etc. (Preferably not over 2,000 words.) Beginning authors welcome. Send manuscripts with return postage to THE LITERARY WORLD, 1295 Madison Ave., Room F-422, New York City 28. Prompt and careful consideration.

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

AMONG recent DC callers have been Lieut. Forrest Alter from France to Pittsburgh, via New York City, Capt. Richard Dresselhuys from Okinawa and South Dakota, and Mrs. Davis Baker from Glens Falls, N. Y. Capt. Dresselhuys was in the midst of negotiations as to an interim appointment in Europe.

Mrs. Charles Malcolmson, New York City, has just done what I wish more of you would do for me, by way of real constructive criticism. Having finished Series 18 despite a vow to make them last a long, long time, she has commented helpfully on the whole book—the quality of the quotations, individual DC's to her liking or disapproval, etc. If I could have a representative number of such criticisms I would most certainly take them to heart in planning No. 21, for 19 and 20 are already in the hands of our copyreader. Mrs. Malcolmson's sole reference book is Webster's Collegiate and I say that she must be terribly clever, for that authority, abridged as it is, has no space for many other than authoritative terms. Speaking of the use of reference books in general, she writes: "I belong to a family which will jump up from the dinner table at any time to settle a dispute by the dictionary and I consider it a hugely rewarding and entertaining habit." Mrs. M's son and his wife are also of our following.

Minnie Johnson, R.V., Veterans' Hospital, Oteen, N. C., a semi-ambulatory patient, writes that browsing about in the library to use all the reference books available just about suits her case, and so DC's are a great blessing to her. She, too, discovered the discrepancy in the J. W. Riley dates according to Fitzhugh's "Concise Biographical Dictionary."

Miriam Marsh, Stoneham, Mass., a long-time DCer, sends us a clipping from the *Boston Daily Globe* prefaced by this provocative query titled

READER POPS QUESTION:

I take my pen in hand to say
I read your paper every day;
I think the letters are great fun,
But WHO is Steven Byington?

I don't impugn his scholarship,
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He knows the answers, every one.
But who IS Steven Byington?

He sorts out bits of wrong and right
From an august Olympian height.
Count that day lost whose setting sun
Finds nothing here from Byington!

So please, dear Editor, answer pray
Before my golden locks turn gray.
I ask once more and then I'm done:

WHO IS THIS STEVEN BYINGTON?

And the Editor replies with a straight biography of this Yankee septuagenary and his pursuits, along with specimens of S. B.'s recently finished translation of the Bible into "living English as the people of today know it," and for which S. B. is now looking for a publisher.

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 630

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

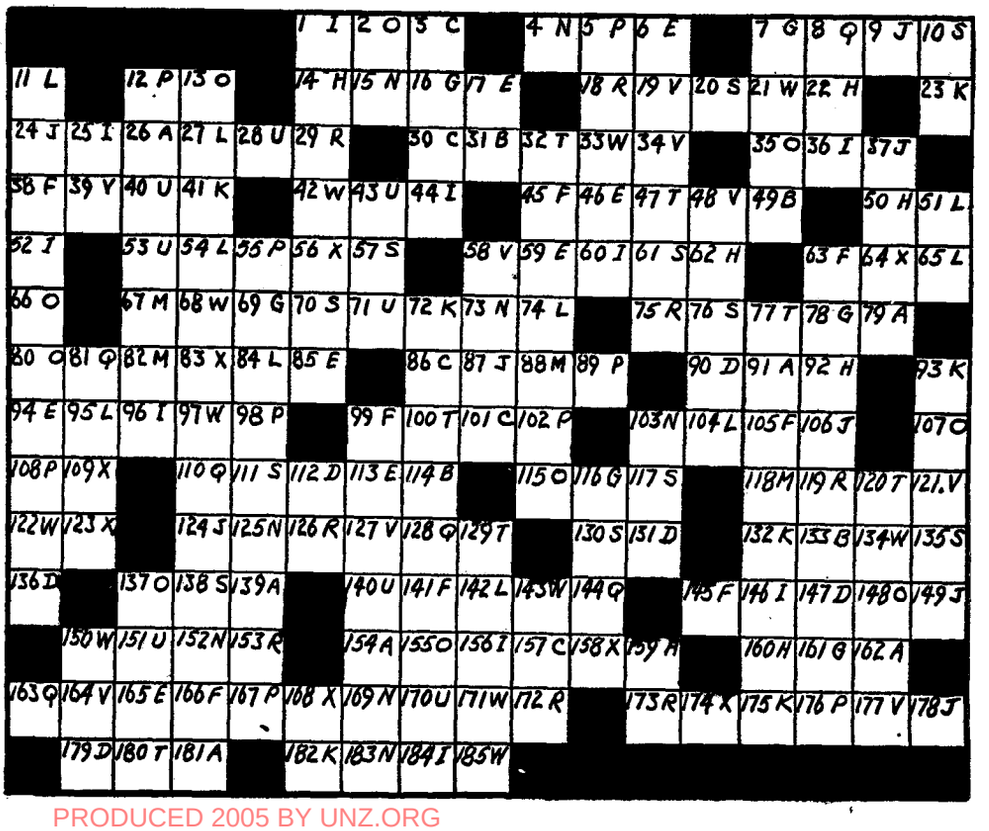
The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 27 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Novel by Melville (1849) based on experiences of his first voyage.
B. Inventor of safety brake for elevators (1852).
C. Norwegian novelist and playwright (1872- ; "The Emigrants").
D. Father of Cinq-Mars and French diplomat and soldier (1581-1632).
E. Shophar (Comp.)
F. Freed oneself from (2 wds.)
G. Composer of Civil War songs ("When Johnny Comes Marching Home," etc.; 1835-1905).
H. Leading lecture promoter of his time; founder of Boston Lyceum (1833-91).
I. Sailing free (Naut.; 3 wds.)
J. Any vigilant guardian against loss, waste, and the like.
K. Stingy; scanty.
L. Not resounding.
M. Nickname for the Duke of Wellington, prefaced by "Old."
N. An epicure; a glutton.
O. One of Carl Sandburg's books for children (1930).
P. An extrajudicial "oath" required upon induction to office.
Q. Harsh; austere; stormy.
R. Authenticated officially.
S. Cretan architect of 6th cent. B.C. (Temple of Artemis at Ephesus).
T. Greek historian (4th cent. B.C.; wrote 29 books of universal history).
U. Commander of the *Chesapeake* in fight with the *Shannon*.
V. Vocation of Eumaeus in the "Odyssey".
W. Innocuous; not harming.
X. Depreciation of goods caused by display in a store.

WORDS

181 162 139 154 26 79 91
31 114 133 49
30 157 86 101 3
112 131 179 147 90 136
94 113 165 17 59 46 85 6
99 45 141 166 145 105 38 63
7 78 16 161 116 69
22 159 92 14 50 160 62
184 1 156 25 146 96 44 60 36 52
106 24 178 124 149 37 87 9
23 175 93 182 72 132 41
95 104 27 84 65 142 51 54 11 74
118 82 67 88
103 183 169 125 4 15 73 152
80 13 107 35 66 2 115 137 148 155
167 98 89 5 55 12 108 176 102
81 163 110 144 8 128
119 18 173 153 29 75 126 172
61 76 20 117 57 10 70 135 111 130 138
77 47 100 180 120 32 129
71 151 140 170 28 40 53 43
177 58 39 164 48 19 127 121 34
68 42 122 150 97 171 143 185 21 33 134
168 174 109 83 123 56 64 158



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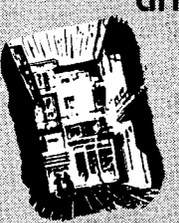

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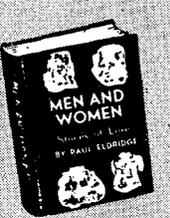

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